

P O E M S :

CONSISTING OF

MODERN MANNERS,

AURELIA,

THE CURATE,

A N D

OTHER PIECES NEVER BEFORE PUBLISHED.

BY THE REV. SAMUEL HOOLE, A. M.

H

IN TWO VOLUMES.

V O L. I.

Poscentes vario multum diversa palato;

Quid dem? quid non dem?—

HOR.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR J. DODSLEY, PALL-MALL.

M.DCC.XC.



TO

NATHANIEL SMITH, Esq;

AS A SINCERE BUT IMPERFECT RETURN

FOR PERSONAL KINDNESS,

AND AS A JUST THOUGH INADEQUATE TRIBUTE

OF RESPECT AND ESTEEM

TO HIS CHARACTER AND CONDUCT,

BOTH IN PRIVATE AND PUBLIC LIFE,

THESE VOLUMES ARE INSCRIBED,

BY HIS MUCH OBLIGED,

AND MOST FAITHFUL SERVANT,

ABINGER, SURRY,

JANUARY, 1790.

SAMUEL HOOLE.

МАТЕРИАЛЫ ДЛЯ

ПРИЧЕССОВАНИЯ САДОВОГО КОМПЛЕКСА

САДОВОГО ДОМОСЕДИЯ

ПРИЧЕССОВАНИЯ САДОВОГО КОМПЛЕКСА

САДОВОГО ДОМОСЕДИЯ

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MODERN

MODERN MANNERS;

O R,

THE COUNTRY COUSINS:

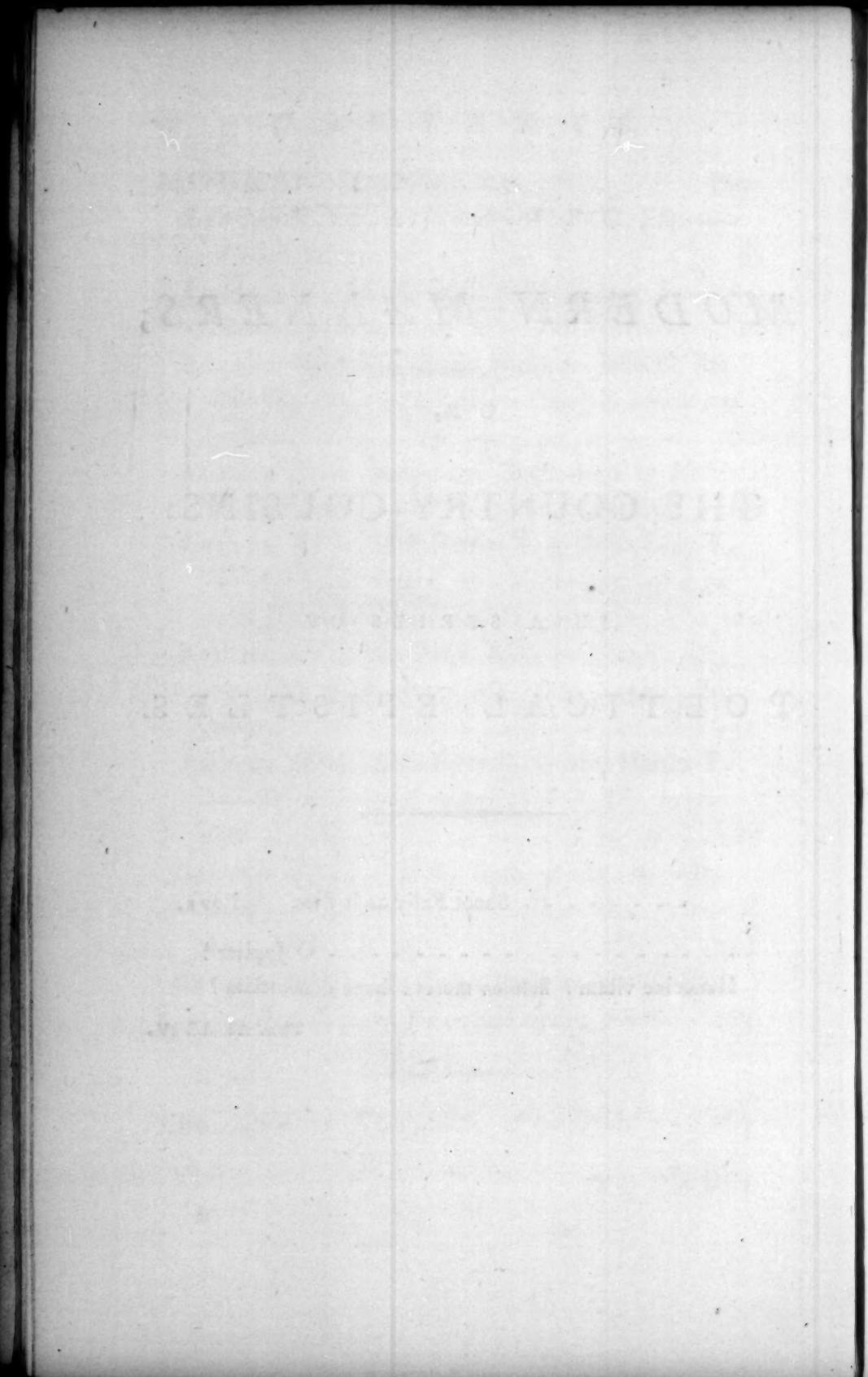
IN A SERIES OF

POETICAL EPISTLES.

----- Shoot Folly as it flies. POPE.

----- O Jupiter !
Hancine vitam ? hoscine mores ? hanc dementiam ?

TER. Ad. Act IV.



MODERN MANNERS.

LETTER I.

Lady D. to Lady S.

Distress of a fine Lady—Country Relations.

WHILE you, like captive nun, midst gloomy shades,
Sigh for the Court, and pant for masquerades,
Curse the clear streams and solitary groves,
Since, by your side, no more your GORGET roves ;
While you lament the fate that chains you there,
Far from the blest abodes of Grosvenor-Square,
And spend the night in studying to be free,
To break your hated bands and fly to me ;

2 M O D E R N M A N N E R S.

I, far more wretched, can't thou think it true ?

Would quit this scene of joy and fly to you.

Yes, the cruel Fates pursue me,

Cruel Fates, that would undo me !

Was't not enough to bid me wed,

To drive me to the marriage bed,

To bind me to an empty creature,

Worst of objects form'd by Nature ?

When, a pretty simple maid,

I found my virgin faith betray'd,

I fondly thought that no to-morrow

Could bring an equal weight of sorrow ;

When from the altar I withdrew,

Firmly bound to——*you know who*,

I vow'd

MODERN MANNERS. 3

I vow'd that Fortune had in store
No earthly plague to vex me more ;
But O ! the vile pernicious fury
Still haunts my footsteps, I assure ye ;
Turn where I will the jade is there,
And pops upon me every where !

Can't thou, dear friend, afford relief?—
But first divine my cause of grief.
What's worse than fitting in the boxes
With grocers' wives and oilmen's doxies ?
What's worse than lonely country houses ?
What's worse than tête à tête with spouses ?
Worse than a puny infant's cries,
Long sermons, dismal tragedies ?

4 M O D E R N M A N N E R S.

What's worse than bells on birth-day ringing ?

Worse than a cough when HARROP's singing ?

Or lovers dear in duels slain,

Or guardians rais'd to life again ?

Or rural hops at country fairs,

Or ancient virgins muttering prayers ?

What's worse than filthy tallow candle,

Want of money, dearth of scandal,

Or prudent husbands' sage orations ?—

What can be worse—but vile relations !

Relations, stirrers up of strife,

Shame of fashion ! plague of life !

O had I been an orphan left,

Of parents, kindred, friends bereft,

M O D E R N M A N N E R S. 5

Unknown to every mortal here,
Or drop'd from some remoter sphere ;
I ne'er had view'd my country cousins
Flock from the North, like Goths, in dozens,
To tinge my cheek with vulgar shame,
Disturb my peace, disgrace my name !

My dear, thou oft hast heard the story,
(I always pour'd my griefs before ye)
Of barbarous kinsmen in the North,
Who threaten'd me to fall forth.
Last week the unwelcome letter came,
The Goths' intentions to proclaim ;
I deem'd it sure some billet-doux,
Or friendly verse, by post, from you ;

But O ! what grief my soul oppress'd,

When thus I found the note address'd.—

“ Dear Coz, I've thought year after year

“ 'Midst London beaus and belles to appear ;

“ But something has prevented ever

“ This my first wish and prime endeavour,

“ Yet still 'tis better late than never.

“ Tho' you don't visit me, 'tis true,

“ I shall make free and visit you ;

“ For ceremony often ends

“ In fix'd dislike and loss of friends ;

“ Besides I'm told 'tis out of fashion,

“ Nay almost banish'd from the nation,

“ I, and my sister RUTH, propose,

“ With KITTY, whom I call my rose,

M O D E R N M A N N E R S.

7

“ And nephew GEORGE, to take a trip,
“ View London, and your ladyship ;
“ Observe what curious fashions reign,
“ And then return to wilds again.”

As city Miss, in father’s shop,
Sees at her feet the ’prentice drop,
Who vows on prancing nag to mount her,
And fly from slavery and his counter ;
When lo ! papa, to love unkind,
Steps forth from little room behind,
Arm’d with his old militia gun,
To strike with awe his would-be son ;
The youth avoids the unequal fray,
Miss trembles, screams, and faints away :

B 4

So,

8 MODERN MANNERS.

So, when the fatal news I read,
In spite of rouge, my colour fled,
I shriek'd aloud, I tore my vest,
And sunk——upon the MAJOR's breast !

Each noon I wak'd with anxious fear——
“ What, TOILET ! are the creatures here ? ”
Each noise I fancy'd their approach,
And trembled at each lumbering coach.

At length they came—why need I tell—
You'll guess my grief and shame too well !

My foolish lord, with strange good-nature,
Is civil to each rustic creature ;

Laughs

M O D E R N M A N N E R S.

9

Laughs at old uncle's vulgar wit,

(Tho' worse than bon-mots of a cit)

Who strives to lay his clumsy lash on

Our modern manners, taste, and fashion;

Gives good aunt RUTH the easiest chair,

Rides out with MISS to take the air;

(Indeed I think he's some design—

But that is no concern of mine)

And shews his cousin GEORGE about,

An untaught, bashful, awkward lout,

When early morning streaks the skies

And I retire to bed—they rise;

At two, the *things* with hunger pine,

(Poor vulgar souls that long to dine !)

And

TO MODERN MANNERS.

And cram at pastry-cook's, to wait
With patience for our early eight ;
Then view the board with signs of grief,
And sigh for ribs and rounds of beef ! —
But O ! no more—enough's express'd,
Imagination paint the rest !

Say, my dear, what must I do ?
Shall I fly to gloom and you ?
To distant villa hurry down,
Ere the world forlaze the town ;
Ere the darling opera's over ;
Ere the Major, charming lover !
Forc'd by General's harsh decree,
Speeds to camp from joy and me !

But

M O D E R N M A N N E R S. 11

But tell me, how d'ye waste your prime ?
How do you kill the monster, Time ?
Does dear Sir SIMON still perplex you ?
Still with odious fondness vex you ?
Alas ! whene'er the wretch I view,
I drop a friendly tear for you !
What greater torment than to fold
A husband jealous, fond and old !

But have you no Militia near you ?
No ensigns, pretty things ! to chear you ?
Or in silence do you rove,
Thinking on your abfent love ;
And, while he haunts your waking dream,
Adjust your head-dress by the stream ?

But

But soft——what shout affails my door ?

O Heaven ! I hear my monsters roar ;

With open mouths they crave their food,

Like hungry ravens from the wood !

O ! jargon worse than any Babel,

Which calls me to their savage table. —

Adieu, my dear, I must descend ;

Ah ! pity your unhappy friend !

LUCRETIA D.

Portland Place, 1780.

LETTER

L E T T E R II.

Mr. RALPH RUSTY to JOHN C. Esq.

Journey to Town—Lord and Lady D—.

Portland Place, 1780.

AFTER many distresses and accidents past,
We arriv'd at this city of cities at laſt,
Where conſuſion and order, where pleasure and pain,
Where folly and ſenſe, wealth and poverty reign.
Ah JOHN! times and ſeafons are alter'd, in truth,
Since we *drawl'd* up to town in the days of our youth :
'Twas then a month's journey thro' rough rugged ways,
But now we were *wifk'd* here in three or four days :
The dogs of poſtilions tore on ſuch a pace,
I fwore all the rafcals were running a race ;

When

14 MODERN MANNERS.

When I bade 'em go slow, they replied with a crack
Of their whip, on the haunch of unfortunate hack ;
I fretted and swore, but 'twas still all in vain,
The hard-hearted villains were deaf to my pain ;
The louder we hollow'd, the less did they mind us,
And drove, as if legions of devils were behind us.

On the second day's journey our RUTH (for you know
She must always be prying) had a devilish bad blow ;
A couple pass'd by who seem'd billing and cooing,
The virgin, who loves the appearance of wooing,
Thrust her wither'd neck out of the window to spy,
But the coach gave a jolt, and she got a black eye.

'Twere tedious to tell all that pass'd on our way ;
Our hardships by night and our hardships by day ;

Vile

Vile liquors to swallow, damp beds to repose on ;
One night I remember I slept with my cloaths on ;
Rooms strong with tobacco, tough meat and blunt }
knives, }
Impertinent hosts and their nimble-tongued wives — }
We were worried and teaz'd almost out of our lives ! }
All travellers sure are deserving of pity,
For every inn is a nest of banditti,
Who legally plunder, tho' no blood they spill,
And, instead of a *pistol*, present you a *bill* ;
Which weapon, when aim'd at th' unfortunate elf,
Compels him to stand and deliver his pelf.—
Were I a knight-errant, like those in romances,
Who roam thro' the world with sharp swords and long
lances,

My

16 MODERN MANNERS.

My business should be, as I hope for a blessing,
In their own dens to give these vile caitiffs a dressing.

However at last here we are in good case,
The wonder and jest of polite Portland Place.
Before I proceed to recount where I've been,
What fine things I've heard, and what fine things I've
seen,

On our modish relations I'll give a few strictures,
And, tho' but a dauber, attempt to paint pictures :
And first to begin with my fine Lady niece—
(Between you and I she's a very queer piece)
Her mind seems compos'd of good metal and base,
Put as hard to find out as her natural face :
Could you see her just out of her nest, you would guess
She's a dowdy of forty—perhaps something less ;

But

But at night, all array'd in her glory (between us)

She'd pass for a fine striking likeness of Venus;

She spends all the day her sweet person adorning,

Goes out all the night, and to bed in the morning.

How fatal the day Lady WHIRLER came down,

Grew fond of my sister, and took her to town,

Soon taught her to scorn rustic cousins and brothers,

And blush at the maxims of grandams and mothers;

The daughter, she bore to Sir FALLADEL FLEA,

Is the dame I've just painted, the fair Lady D,

Who rear'd and instructed as fitted her station,

Now shews the blest fruits of polite education,

Assurance, and vanity, pride, affectation! — }

18 MODERN MANNERS.

Her husband, my Lord, tho' a fine polish'd beau,
Is as worthy a creature as any I know :
He enjoys all the jokes that I carelessly tell,
And indeed seems to like us exceedingly well.—

His lordship, to follow the mode of the great,
Keeps a learned Divine, not to pray, but for state ;
One Dr. CRINGE-CROUCHER, who, good people say,]
Takes an excellent method advice to convey,]
Has a monstrous good wig, and *a fine moving way.*]
He fawns, and he smiles, and he bows to the ground—
A wolf in sheep's cloathing I doubt he'll be found ;
One of those, a disgrace to the habit they wear,
Who whet the dull edge of the infidel's spear,
And give to our foolish and profligate youth
A handle to scoff at the preachers of truth.

Would you think in this city, for plenty renown'd,
At this opulent board, where all dainties abound,
That I'm famish'd with hunger?—but, as I'm a finner,
When you go to supper, we sit down to dinner!
By tickling the rascals with fees now and then,
We make shift to get at some breakfast by ten;
Though my lady can't make her appearance so soon,
She's not seen, till, what rustics would call, afternoon.
My digestion is hurt by the sweet things I eat,
T' appease my poor stomach, which grumbles for meat.
When at last we got dinner, I never could find,
In the midst of profusion, one dish to my mind.
I who nauseate their soups, and their *coutelets François*,
Wish'd the cook at the devil, at least twice a day;
Who took care to send nothing wholesome and good,
But murder'd and frenchified Englishmen's food.

20 MODERN MANNERS.

His Lordship at length has afforded relief,
And now gives us sirloins and buttocks of beef :
With triumph I tell you, that *I* have restor'd
These worthies of old to their seats at the board,
Who before in some corner obscurely were plac'd,
Poor exiles from table, despis'd and disgrac'd !

I've much more to say—but I now think it better
(May be you'll think so too) to ha' done with my letter ;
If you relish my stile, and my verses commend,
Another epistle I shortly shall send,
Mean time I remain your well-wisher and friend.]

RALPH RUSTY.

P. S.—I had almost forgotten Sir ROGER the knight—
Pray present him my service, as oft as I write :

Remember

M O D E R N M A N N E R S. 21

Remember me too, to that worthy and wise man,
Dr. BLISTER VAN CLISTER; BEN BITER chief excise-

man;

To good lawyer RATTRAP, and old justice GRUB,
Our punch-loving priest, and the rest of the club.

LETTER III.

Miss RUTH RUSTY to Mrs. SUSAN, House-
keeper at Rusty Hall.

*Lady D's irreligion and profaneness—A matchmaker's schemes
—Important directions.*

Portland Place, 1780.

I'M sorry to say it, yet say it I must,
That all we have heard is, alas ! but too just !
Yes, SUSAN, my Lady, by night and by day,
On the wings of profusion is flying away ;
In a word she's a *heretic*—you have more notion
Of balls and ridottos, than she of devotion.

On

On Sundays, with wonder 'twill strike you quite dumb,
She has a vile thing which was once call'd a *drum*;
But now, if I am not exceedingly out,
'Tis nam'd by the folks of distinction a *rout*:
The streets with the flambeaus are all in a glare—
And O ! if you heard how the coachmen will swear !
The house, too, from bottom to top is like day—
A rare sum of money is thus burnt away !
Then such fine *suits* of rooms for these people to sin in !
And so crowded and throng'd that you can't stick a pin in !
Instead of good books bound in black and in red,
Black spades and red diamonds the tables bespread.
I fancy a person whose name I'll not write,
Oft joins in the party this riotous night,
And, hiding his hoof in a fine pointed shoe,
Sits down with the rest to unlimited *Loo*.

24 MODERN MANNERS.

I doubt not 'twill sooner or later befall,
He'll fly off in a smoke with cards, tables, and all !

You'll wonder I did not, quite frozen with horror,
Pack my things up, and fly from this second *Gomorrah* ;
But indeed, I must say, I've been able to find
In this sink of uncleanness, one man to my mind :
This person, so happy in my approbation,
Is his Lordship's good chaplain—indeed his relation.

I think my niece KITTY goes too much abroad,
But who can refuse such a man as my Lord ?
Besides the good Doctor declares, by the by,
His Lord has a worthy old knight in his eye ;
A man of plain parts, and a good clear estate,
Who, it seems, has a kind of a liking for KATE ;
And,

And, he doubts not, will soon be persuaded to take her,
And, without any money, her Ladyship make her :
As this is the case, it is sure no bad notion,
To get the girl settled without any *potion* ;
And settled so well, that her uncle and I,
Need part with no money till both of us die.

You'd think too, that GEORGE, who's so clever and
witty,
Might pick up a girl here, with something that's pretty.
I'm certain my nephew, when all's said and done,
Is worthy the best woman under the sun ;
But GEORGE, still in love with our neighbour Miss C. is,
Tho' here he might meet with a richer than she is ;
Besides, he's more bashful than any young maid is ;
They fly *to* the men, but he flies *from* the ladies.

'Tis true, maidens' forwardness always offends one,
Who should wait for a husband till Providence sends
one;

But I tell him, young men should be always a watching,
To pick up fine flies, that are well worth the catching ;
I'll venture to say, I ne'er knew in my life
A bashful man do himself good in a wife ;
He is always supplanted by dancers and singers,
And lets all the fortunes slip clean through his fingers ;
Then at last, all the horrors of wedlock to prove,
Takes a pretty-fac'd hussy, and marries for love.

Forget not to look in the corner beaufet,
Where you'll find jars and glasses all orderly set ;
In the jars, if I rightly remember, I told ye,
Are damsons and plumbs, which I fear will get mouldy :

Pray

Pray put in fresh papers——if they should miscarry,
It will far more distress me, than never to marry:
Take care that the servants don't get at my jellies;
Such dainties are not for their great vulgar bellies:
And look all about for my FAMILY PRAYERS;
I think it was left in the closet up stairs;
Pray wrap it up safe, for that book's worth a mint,
'Tis charmingly bound, and an excellent print.

Well, now I believe I must bid you good night;
I don't find I've any thing further to write:
My love to all friends,——and believe me with truth,
Your affectionate mistress and kinswoman,

RUTH.

L E T T E R

L E T T E R IV.

Miss KITTY R. to Miss HARRIET F.

A fashionable Day—The Contrast.

O, My dear, what joys are mine !

Would to Heaven such joys were thine !

MELANCHOLY, far from town,

To lonely mansions hurries down ;

See she wings her rapid way

To where tall trees obscure the day ;

Where moats the Gothic wall surround,

Where aunts and grandmothers abound,

There, in robes of crape array'd,

She stalks along the gloomy shade,

Lists

Lifts to the music of the rooks,
And pores all night o'er godly books ! —
O close the horrid scene, and see
Joys before unknown to me ;
Dear delights that ne'er can pall,
Delights, unknown at Rusty Hall !

Goddes, come ! my voice inspire,
Laughing muses, come along ; —
String anew my feeble lyre,
Point my wit and smooth my song.
But not from PINDUS' antique mountain,
Hallow'd grove, or sacred fountain,
Not in Grecian robes array'd,
With laurel crowns, that never fade ;
But you, ye smiling train, who sport
'Midst all the pleasures of a court ;

From

30 MODERN MANNERS.

From gilded domes, illumin'd halls,
From operas, concerts, routs, and balls ;
With well-shap'd hoops, and well-dress'd hair,
Here, in vis à vis repair :
Modish Muses, let me see
Your smiling faces smile on me !

No more I wake my harp to tell
The joys of county ball ;
What pretty rustic bore the bell,
What youth was doom'd to fall.
No longer rural themes inspire,
Dear DISSIPATION claims my lyre !

Hear then how I pass my time,
And own the subject worthy rhyme :

At

M O D E R N M A N N E R S, 31

At ten, my dear, I rub my eyes—

“ **BELLA**, is it time to rise?” —

“ Yes, me’m”—“ **BELLA**, can you tell,

“ Have they rung the breakfast-bell?—

“ Yes, Miss—hark! — again it rings”—

“ Well then, **BELLA**, where’s my things?” —

Then I rise in all my pride,

And spread the fattin curtains wide;

While the soft down I repose on,

Gentle **BELLA** puts my cloaths on.—

When the silver urn is gone,

Cloth remov’d, and breakfast done,

Uncle walk’d to take the air,

Aunt to pore on Dr. **BLAIR**;

Or to con the morning lesson;

Then I put my morning dress on;

And

32 MODERN MANNERS.

And into the coach I get,
Coach, adorn'd with *coronet*!
Thro' crowded streets we fly like wind,
Leaving plodding souls behind,
Gazing on us as we pass,
More than beaus on looking-glass.

“ Bid the coachman drive us on,
“ To fashionable PARTINGTON—
“ Pull the string, BELL—’tis the street—
“ Here the Duchess we shall meet;
“ Here we’ll mount in magic chair,
“ To imbibe electric air.”—
What makes the Duchess still so pretty,
Still so airy, gay, and witty?

’Tis

'Tis th' electric spark, they say,
Sets her going for the day ;
Lends her that enchanting grace,
Points her wit, and smooths her face.—

O ! give me this æthereal fire,
Which more than PHOEBUS can inspire ;
Which thought and anxious care destroys,
And re-illumes the foul with joys ;
Joys elating, spirits high,
The frolic step, the laughing eye,
Careless mirth that hangs up sorrow,
And bids the Devil take to-morrow !

“ But come, to CHRISTIE’s, make haste, JOHN—
“ All the bargains will be gone ;

VOL. I.

D

“ Lord,

34 MODERN MANNERS.

“ Lord, my hair’s down!—can I go so

“ Tumbled, among virtuoso?

“ Well, I vow no creature’s here!—

“ Come then let’s be gone, my dear.”

To the city now we fly,

To tease the Cits—perhaps to buy—

“ But what’s o’clock—pray how are you?

“ Can I be right?—’tis almost two!

“ At th’ EXHIBITION we would drop in,

“ But we have no time for stopping.”

Now to HIDE PARK I am gone,

Feather’d hat and habit on;

High in phaetonic pride,

With his Lordship by my side:

See he drives the pretty ponies
Thro' bowing ranks of macaronies;
All on well-bred horses prancing,
Capering, frisking, rearing, dancing,
Who salute us while we fly,
As the guards his MAJESTY,
Now the reins are held by JOHN
While we 'light at KENSINGTON;
Soon we join my Lady BAB,
And hear the news from BILLY BLAB;
For already, as you fee,
All the world is known to me:—
This I owe, I must confess,
To his Lordship's *politeſſe*,
Who kindly shews me all about,
From ball to ball, from rout to rout,

Where all ranks on strangers smile,

Introduc'd by men of *style*.

'Mong common people, friendships grow

Like sickly herbs in frost and snow;

But with the *Great*, aloft they tower,

Like hot-house plants, in half an hour;

For after a few moments' prate,

With all the *Ton* you're intimate.

“ But come, my Lord, we must away,

“ Or I shan't get dress'd to-day.”—

“ Lovely nymph, a' slave to you,

“ *Me voici toujours tout à vous !*”

My head complete, my dresser gone,

My hoop, my robe, and jewels on,

Down

Down the stairs I trip to dine,
French the food, and French the wine.
When my Lady cousin frisks out,
In close sedan, to Lady BRISK's rout,
My Lord commands the modern car,
To bear us to the scene of war ;
(By modern car, my dear, I mean
The chariot gay, or proud Berlin ;
By scene of war, the public places,
Where belles contend with killing faces)
To RANELAGH perhaps we fly,
Then look in at Lady DI,
Or at dear PANTHEON call,
Slip on our masks and view the ball ;
And, if we've a mind to prance,
Just run down a country dance :

Then, my dear, at four or five,
Home to Portland Place we drive.
Another hour is spent in chat,
On love, and—Lord, I don't know what!—
At length I bid my Lord good bye—
(O that my Lady would but die!)
Free me from my rich array,
And thus conclude the happy day!

Such is the charming life I lead,
You'll echo "charming life indeed!"
How different that which late I led,
When at seven I left my bed;
Unwilling left it, at the call
Of early bell, in cold damp hall,
Cut by the blasts from winding stairs,
To hear my granny muttering prayers:

After

After breakfast forg'd to look
In some dull religious book,
Read, till spent for want of breath,
Dreadful DRELINCOURT *on Death* ;
Doom'd to hear, with many a sigh,
Lectures on morality ;
Children's duty towards relations,
Till I almost lost all patience !
Lastly, to complete my trimming,
FORDYCE' sermons to young women !
Then old aunty takes her turn,
In matters of no les concern,
Runs o'er all her choice receipts
To teach me how to season meats.
At eve perhaps I strol'd to you,
The only comfort that I knew ;

Then, while arm in arm we rove,
We tell the progress of our love ;
I go on but at a poor rate,
Ogling with our bashful curate ;
You proudly tell me, you aspire
To warm the frozen heart of Squire :
At night I read ROUSSEAU, by stealth,
Dear book ! worth a miser's wealth !
Or o'er CLARISSA pore till three,
When I can no longer see ;
Then all the night warm fancy roves
On tyrant friends and secret loves !

You'll wonder much, my dear, no doubt,
I'm suffer'd thus to gad about :

MODERN MANNERS. 41

Sometimes, indeed, I'm forc'd to stay

At home with them, and lose a day,

To let the creatures have their way.

But oft, when aunty cries, in spite,

“ Kitty stay at home to-night ;”

And uncle's forry I go out so,

And wonders I can love a rout so ;

His Lordship answers, bending low,

(Indeed he makes a charming bow !)

“ Dearest aunt, your lovely niece

“ Must hear GIARDINI's favourite piece ;

“ Sure in me you may confide—

“ I must not, cannot be deny'd.”

Then he softly slides up to her,

You'd swear his Lordship meant to woo her,

And by scripture texts, brings her to

Own, that dissipation's virtue ;

Then

Then to uncle pleads for me,
With all-seducing flattery :
The good man, grasping his soft hand,
Swears all shall be at his command.

But now I must have done, my dear :
BELLA tells me FRISE's here ;
Who with FRISE can compare ?
Sweetest man ! — for dressing hair !
O, I would, if I had time,
Praise his skill in flowing rhyme !
How he twists and how he twirls,
How he shapes the bending curls,
How he spreads the smooth pomatum,
Sweet as Lord EFFEMINATUM ;
The downy puff his hand he takes in,
Poudre de mille fleurs he shakes in. —

Pride of ART, TASTE's darling son,
How many hearts thy skill has won! —
What, can Nature's uncouth tresses
Vie with a-la-mode head-dresses?
No—henceforth let Beauty be
Dress'd as FRISE dress'es me,
Who most worthy of the place is
Of first hair-dresser to the GRACES!

Lov'd nymph, farewell! — but O believe,
Midst all my joys, for thee I grieve;
To thy lone walks my fancy flies,
And ev'n at concerts KITTY sighs!

CATHARINE R.

Portland Place, 1780.

P. S. Pray

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P. S. Pray some evening take a stroll,
And visit SUSAN, poor old soul !
Bid her use my linnet well,
And take great care of dear FIDELLE.

LETTER

L E T T E R V.

Mrs. SUSAN—to Miss RUTH RUSTY.

Misfortunes at Rusty Hall.

AS you, honour'd madam, make verses, I pray
Mus'int SUSAN endeavour to make verses too?
And yet I'm *affear'd* that the *crickets* will say,
With *potery* I make but a wretched to-do.

Tho' it can't be *detestied* but that in some sort
I've the honour to be my good Lady's relation,
And, tho' my dead parents work'd very hard for't,
I've had, one may say, a day-school education:

And

And always have taken a great deal of pains,
My stock of *eye-dearers* should not run to waste,
Tho' my hands have still labour'd instead of my brains
In *mock-animal* busines of making puff-paste.

But 'tis not *a-propus* to write a *diffention*
On the faculties, *talons*, or gifts of my mind;
Yet, I reckon'd thus much was but proper to mention,
As a preface, to walk before what comes behind. —

Indeed I'm *successfully* griev'd and affected,
My Lady's so given to scoff and to revel,
But troth it's no more than I long have *respected*,
For I hear 'tis the fashion to go to the Devil.

I'm vastly concern'd Master GEORGE is so foolish
Not to take your advice and run off with an *Heir-rest* ;
All folks of discernment, whose heads are grown coolish,
Know, she that is richest is always the fairest.

I hope you'll *diffuade* him to alter his mind, ma'am,
And likewise provide a fit match for Miss KITTY ;
And, soon as agreeable, I hope that you'll find, ma'am,
A suitable spouse in that *corpulent* city ; —

For troth 'tis a matter both lawful and fitting,
Tho' saucy young wenches will wed helter-skelter,
When once to one's staid, *grand climb-hackit* we're
getting,
To hit on a husband for comfort and shelter.

But

But how shall I tell all the horrid disasters
That came, like a *dell-huge*, since you left the Hall ?
Some devilish old witch has been hither to blast us,
And conjured men, maids, dogs, cats, kittens and all !

A pot of the lobster you did up so clever,
Was eat up by one of my master's relations ;
Miss Kitty's dog *Fiddle*, more saucy than ever,
Has done what he should not on DODD's *Meditations*.

I look'd at the damsons, and lock'd your choice dram up,
But *wapſes* already have smelt out the jellies ;
And CÆSAR and POMPEY one night eat a ham up,
And drank so much water they burst both their bellies.

I rav'd,

I rav'd, as folks rave for the good of the nation;

No scolding, alas ! the lost ham could recover;

So, thought it was best, after due meditation,

To take out of pickle and hang up another :

I hope this will not put you quite in a *ferment*,

For I know that of ham you're *successively* fond ;

Such vile *thiefs*, thinks I, shan't have Christian inter-
ment,

So, order'd 'em both to be thrown in the pond.

Ah, Madam, that small *Lilly-pruflan* wench, **TRICKSEY**,

Was *catch'd* with the *Bobbing-nag* blacksmith of
CRANVILLE ;

But here you'll not suffer the brazen-fac'd gipsey

To have base *a moors* with this spark of the anvil.

Our gardener too in the dairy has wooings,
 And gets for a kiss — for ten kisses I mean,
 A bowl of new milk — but I'll stop such vile doings —
 A hussey ! to make such a bargain obscene !

But what is far *worser* (I fear you will thump us)
 One day as I happened to sit in the kitchen,
 I heard such a scratching and outlandish *rumpus*,
 I thought they had sure let some ghost or some witch
 in :

I swear and *purteſt* I was all in a flurry,
 And very near *sounding* or falling a fit in,
 When, lo ! from the cole-hole flew out in a hurry,
 With jaws full of paper, the black and white kitten.

I scream'd like a dragon when puss came up to me ;
But when I recover'd, and look'd in her jaws,
I soon was more *frightful* than ever you knew me,
To see your hand-writing was torn by her paws !

Alas ! 'twas a bit of your precious receipt-book,
Which, somehow or other, you left here behind ;
Thinks I to myself, " Lack-a-day, pretty neat book ! "
For sundry misgivings came over my mind :

As swift as a miser to gather his cash is,
I ran to the cole-hole with tears in my eyes ;
But, ah ! what a sight ! there, half buried in ashes,
Lay all your experience in puddings and pies !

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Here, half a receipt to make raspberry-brandy,

There lay, observations on catchup and gravy,

Here, poison for rats, cordials pleasant and handy,

And methods of salting, approv'd by the navy :

The book was a general *spectacle* truly,

Not merely confin'd to pies, kickshaws and lightwigs ;

For I pick'd up " Some cautions when girls are unruly,"

And " Hints for the ladies to dress their own white-

" wigs."

I sav'd you a few little savoury dishes,

Some pigs ears, mock turtle, and solomungundy,

A charm for the ague, some sauces for *fishes*,

And a manuscript collect for thing-um-bob-Sunday.

I've

I've put them, with "Thoughts on *ironic* diseases,"
And "Food for the Mind" (which you bought for a tester)
With my new water tabby, where no foil or grease is,
Which I've had but five years and three-quarters come
Easter.

In London, I'm told, you've a many *phiz-itions*,
Pray buy me some corn-salve to put to my feet;
To church I can scarce crawl to say my petitions,
They take on so sadly, and throb so, and beat.

And now, with my duty and service to Master,
And best special duty and service to you,
And service to Miss (don't forget the corn-plaister)
I rest, honour'd Madam,
Your servant most true,

SUSAN.

LETTER VI.

Mr. RALPH RUSTY to JOHN C. Esq.

The Theatre—A Lady of Fashion,

Portland Place, 1780.

WELL, now I am got here, faith here I must stay,
For I find there's no dragging my people away;
I seldom see KITTY, she's always abroad,
At operas and routs with our good-natur'd lord;
But I think she'll ne'er learn quite so much of the mode,
As to slight her old friends and her rural abode.
GEORGE is rambling about to see buildings all day,
And at night now and then he drops in at the play.

My

My dear sister RUTH, that kind, teasing old creature,
With, perhaps, a good heart, but the worst face in nature,
To Dr. CRINGE CROUCHER is always declaring
Her rooted abhorrence of wenching and swearing ;
And laments to the parson, with tears in her eyes,
That churches fall down, and conventicles rise.
When they've settled these points, on good vi^ctuals they're
treating ;
For both have some skill in the science of eating.

Yet think not, dear John, that with sceptical pride,
The church, or the clergy, I mean to deride ;
Religion I honour, the church I approve,
The gown I respect, and true piety love ;
But bigots, who sure to religion must hurt do,
With *sound faith*, a weak succedan^{um} for virtue,

56 M O D E R N M A N N E R S.

And hypocrites smooth, in false colour array'd,
Who *deal* in the word, whose religion's their *trade*,
I hate and abhor ; and to scourge such I'll venture,
Whether Papist, or Churchman, or sturdy Dissenter.

Last night I attended my nephew, my niece,
And my lord, to the Playhouse, to hear the new piece ;
Tho' I knew 'twould be nothing to me, who had seen
Booth, Oldfield, and Woffington, Cibber and Quin.

A confident actor first came on the stage,
Who seem'd all the night in a wonderful rage :
Some vented their griefs in a low muttering voice,
Then, all on a sudden, quite stunn'd me with noise ;
Loud plaudits inform'd me that this was thought fine,
Nay the ladies around me declar'd 'twas divine ;

“ O Lord,”

“ O Lord,” cries a Miss, “ how enchantingly clever,
“ As I hope to be fav’d, she is greater than ever !”
I thought, what with clapping and thumping of canes,
They’d have had an old house on their heads for their
pains ;
By looks, words, and actions, I dare to engage,
That they were as mad as the chiefs of the stage :
’Tis a maxim observ’d by some players, I find,
That a princess distres’d should be out of her mind ;
Indeed, who can blame them, since all the world say,
The more frantic their gestures, the better they play.

What a contrast appear’d !—with what ease did she
move,
Majestic as JUNO, and graceful as LOVE !

Each

Each action so just, so expressive each feature,
It was not thought *acting*,—'twas too much like nature;
Her voice, sweet and plaintive, enchanted my ear,
Now melted with softness, now chill'd me with fear.
But nature, I find, with the critical band,
Is a thing they're unus'd to, and don't understand:
To his lordship I ventur'd my feelings to tell,
Who reply'd—“*She falls off, but she's still very well.*”

O hear! ye, that wish to be judges of merit!
True feeling is tameness, and fury is spirit!
More bleſſ'd is the actor with excellent lungs,
Than with honey that flows from seraphical tongues;
He's sure to succeed, who's restrain'd by no bound,
Who stares, raves, and stamps, and falls well on the
ground;
Hear,

M O D E R N M A N N E R S. 59

Hear, sons of the stage ! be this ever your plan,

Get rid of dame Nature as fast as you can.

And now, while I ponder'd these things in my mind,
I was rouz'd by a loud tattling noise from behind ;
I turn'd to my lord to ask what was the matter,
Who told me 'twas only young lady CLACKCLATTER :
As she enter'd the box——“ O, my dear, how you
“ bore us !
“ See !—according to custom the creature's before us !
“ Lord, Sir GEORGE ! I can't think how you get here so
“ soon !—
“ One might almost suspect you take dinner at noon !” —
“ O ma'am, check that horrid idea, I pray—
“ No, I always contrive to dine after the play :—
“ But

60 MODERN MANNERS.

“ But where has your Ladyship been these two ages ?

“ Where was you last night ? I myself and two pages

“ Search’d all the town through, as men seek for hid

“ treasure”. —

“ Where, Sir GEORGE ? — at the opera, expiring with

“ pleasure ! —

“ That dancer’s a dear little wonderful thing !

“ O that scraping ! — pray when does the fifth act

“ begin ? —

“ How dy’ e kill time this evening ? — you can’t stay

“ here long —

“ A play is as bad as an old-fashion’d song.” —

“ D’ ye know what’s become of Miss PRISCY PAM- } —

“ PRINNER, }

“ She has not been heard of since yesterday dinner — }

“ To be sure there are charms in Sir GHASTLY }

O’GRINNER ! — }

MODERN MANNERS. 61

“ But the world lies so fast—bring some fresh le-

“ monade.” —

“ —Does your ladyship go to the next masquerade?” —

“ —Do I live? do I breathe? —though indeed it’s a

“ bore, —

“ No—I verily think I shall go there no more” —

“ —I hear that your new-married cousins agree

“ Like Miss CLAPPERCLAW and old Count SNIG-

“ GERSNEE: —

“ Don’t you think, Lady CHARLOTTE—but you’re

“ such a prude! —

“ Sir GEORGE, there’s beau FRIGHTFUL—how mon-

“ stroully rude!

“ What is it to-night? must we simper or cry?

“ Well! this place is so hot that I’m ready to die! —

“ What

62 MODERN MANNERS.

“ What people surround us ! I vow and declare,

“ One may almost as well be at BARTHOL’MEW fair.

“ Sir **GEORGE** ! Lady **CHARLOTTE** ! — Come, let’s dif-

“ appear ;

“ Though the house is quite full, yet there’s *nobody*

“ here !” —

And the Devil go with you, in secret I cried,

And with all sons and daughters of fashion and pride !

RALPH RUSTY.

LETTER

LETTER VII.

Mr. GEORGE R. to Miss MARIA C.

A Love Epistle—quite obsolete, and monstrous low.

Portland Place, 1780.

NO, dear MARIA, all my soul is thine—

Can modish beauty shew a charm for me?

Can I bow down at pleasure's gilded shrine,

And cease, one moment cease, to think on thee?

Ah no, sweet maid!—my soul's far dearest part!

The flame imbib'd ev'n with my earliest breath,

That flame shall never cease to warm my heart

'Till stifled by the clay-cold hand of Death.

Amid

Amid these scenes of pomp, to me how vain !

Thy lovely image every thought employs ;

I curse the tedious hours, 'till once again

These arms shall clasp the sum of all my joys !

Ye powers ! can aught surpass this vast delight ?

Ah no ! 'tis far beyond all mortal bliss,

On thy dear charms to feast my ravish'd sight,

On thy dear lips to print the tender kiss !

And blush not at the thought, enchanting maid,

Blush not to meet me thus ; let impious love

Start at the soft embrace, and shame upbraid

The cheek of those whom guilty wishes move :

But

But love, like mine, ne'er cherish'd base desire,
Ne'er form'd a thought that innocence could fear,
That listening seraphs might not well inspire,
And purity like thine approving hear.

Let FASHION's children from their lover's view
With watchful care the toilet's stores conceal,
Whose magic powers MEDEA's art renew,
And bid old age the bloom of youth reveal.

Thou ne'er hast known the labour they bestow,
Each morn to wake those charms which fade with
night,
When rouge must teach the pallid cheek to glow,
And washes give the bosom's dazzling white.

Thy flowing locks no cruel arts disguise,
Thy ruby lips no borrow'd fragrance shed ;
With native charms each morn beholds thee rise,
Like new-born VENUS from her watery bed.

Far from the busy world, we'll taste the sweets
Which liberal NATURE from her bosom pours ;
While the gay crowd, in DISSIPATION's seats,
Toil after pleasure thro' the midnight hours.

They ne'er the beauties of the field survey,
When MORN has cloath'd them in her dewy vest ;
They ne'er behold the radiant prince of day
Peep thro' the gold-fring'd curtains of the east.

Far

Far from the sound of pain and grief they fly,
As from the tempest flits the startled dove :
They seldom learn to raise the thankful eye
To HIM, in whom they live, in whom they move !

While restless PRIDE awakens vast desires,
They ne'er the charms of modest worth behold ;
The thirst of praise, or thirst of pomp inspires ;
The dupes of flattery, or the slaves of gold.

Thou know'st the blessings of a humble mind,
Free from each giddy thought, each wild desire,
Which no base chains of interest e'er could bind,
No prostrate sops with vanity inspire :

While in their breasts they feel disgust increase,
Disgust, which Affluence of her joys beguiles ;
CONTENT shall lead thee thro' the vale of PEACE,
CONTENT, who clothes ev'n Penury in smiles.

CONTENT, not form'd by philosophic rule,
Not from the couch of cold INDIFFERENCE sprung ;
But rear'd in meek-ey'd RESIGNATION's school,
And taught by PIETY's instructive tongue.

Think, while to thee, my beauteous saint, I bend,
I pay that homage angels must approve ;
For while I gaze, my thanks to Heaven ascend,
That gave an earthly cherub for my love !

Hence,

Hence, mad AMBITION ! I thy flights disdain ;

Hence every good that FORTUNE can impart ;

Let vulgar minds o'er subject nations reign,

I'll fix my empire in MARIA's heart :

There will I rule, and pity earthly kings,

Tho' nurs'd in FLATTERY's lap, beset with fears ;

FANCY in arms the murmuring rebel brings,

The venom'd cup displays, the poniard rears :

My little realm conceals no secret foe,

No murmuring rebel wakes to war's alarms,

No lurking traitor aims the deadly blow,

LOVE only wakes, LOVE only calls to arms !

GEORGE R.

LETTER VIII.

Miss RUTH RUSTY to Mrs. SUSAN.

*Virtuous indignation—Matron-like Reflections—Charge
to Mrs. SUSAN.*

Portland Place, 1780.

FINE doings indeed!—Turn her out in the street,
And there let her starve, as 'tis fitting and meet!
A jade!—with such modest demure-looking features!
You know I've a monstrous aversion to *creatures*!
I will not defile my chaste pen with a word
More shocking than pestilence, famine, and sword!

Shall

Shall pure RUSTY HALL, ever noted for ladies
As coy and as cold as DIANA's best maid is,
Become on a sudden an infamous station
For hussies of VENUS's base occupation ?
Be turn'd to a brothel ! a house of ill-fame !
A nest of — but O ! 'tis too hateful to name ! —
I ne'er was so grossly impos'd on before,
To let such an animal darken my door !
Pray tell her, her lady in violent rage is,
And turn her out quickly without any wages.

Ah ! SUSAN, bid all the young wenches take care,
Lest they should be caught in so dreadful a snare ;
Can essence of lemon or lavender-water,
Make sweet, clean, and wholesome old TRICKSEY's
vile daughter ?

Can poppy indeed, or *mandragon* give sleep
To TRICKSEY, who could not her chastity keep ?
No powders will take out the fix'd iron-mould
Of lewdnes, as often my maids have been told ;
No syrup can med'cine the hussley to slumber,
Who throws away virtue as useless old lumber.

That filthy FIDELLE is an impudent dog,
He has no more manners indeed than a hog ;
Still always a spoiling—but mind what I say,
The next trick he plays, hang him out of the way.

The loss of my book would in truth have so griev'd me,
That nothing on earth could have ever reliev'd me ;
But luckily, SUSAN, to take off the smart,
I know, I believe, every page on't by heart.

Tell

Tell HESTER, I'm monstrously angry indeed!—

Ah! when will these saucy-fac'd gypsies take heed?

If ever she plays such another vile trick,

Be sure that you tell her, she'll go to Old Nick.

Now, as for the Gardener, tell him, I say,

Unless he reforms, I will turn him away;

I look that he'll pay for the milk which he stole,

And reckon it only at two-pence per bowl:

If ever he comes near the dairy again—

'Laws-a-day, I can't think what is come to the men!

They're now grown so bold, and so saucy of tongue!—

It never was so when we, SUSAN, were young;

He-creatures would then scarcely lift up an eye

As prudent young maidens went soberly by;

Then,

Then, all in the kitchen were still as a mouse,
Indeed you scarce knew you'd a man in the house ;
They then had not practis'd to write and to read,
The source of all subsequent mischief indeed !
But now, in these wicked, degenerate days,
They're always a-reading love-stories and plays,
And sending about the most impudent letters
On subjects they ought to resign to their betters ;
Now men and maid servants together appear,
And sit by each other, without shame or fear ;
Reserve is cut off, like the fingers from mittens,
And the sexes become as familiar as kittens.

I'm sorry to hear that your corns are so bad ;
I'll bring you some plaister I bought of a lad,
Which gave me some ease when I almost was mad.

Mind,

M O D E R N M A N N E R S. 75

Mind, SUSAN! — I charge you a strict eye to keep,
Like one Mr. Argus, who never would sleep;
Inspect all their motions, observe all their ways,
And you never shall want your due portion of praise.

RUTH RUSTY.

LETTER

L E T T E R IX.

Mr. GEORGE R. to Mr. CHARLES C.

Trite observations—Misfortunes of a bashful man.

Portland Place, 1780.

WHAT folly, dear CHARLES, marks this changeable scene !

This reflection has struck me wherever I've been :

Our own native talents behind us are thrown,

Unthought of, uncultur'd, and almost unknown ;

Each strives against nature to rival his brother,

And grasps at the graces posses'd by another.

Examples

Examples should prove your assertions, they say,

Here examples are seen almost every day.

Miss PEACOCK, with face and with figure divine,

Slights beauty, but fain as a finger would shine ;

And Miss, with hoarse voice and no knowledge of music,

Warbles so all the day, that she makes not a few sick.

Miss PATTYPAN, famous for puddings and pies,

The kitchen forsakes, and to drawing-rooms flies.

Beau FRIGHTFUL, to native deformity blind,

Disdains to improve the rich gifts of the mind ;

He be-spangles his coat and be-powders his hair,

Bows, dances, and ogles, the slave of the fair.

Gay ZEPHIR, fit only to shine in a court,

Is anxious on Pindus' rich mountain to sport ;

He flies from the belles, who would hear with delight,

And in vain wooes the muses by day and by night :

While

78 MODERN MANNERS.

While smooth-flowing STANZA, who shines as a poet,
(Tho' by all that he publishes no one would know it,) Imagines his talent is prose, and indeed Prints nothing but tracts which no creature can read.

Shall I too, forgetful of reason's command,
Make one of this blind, this ridiculous band ?
Designd in some lonely retirement to rove,
My company, books ; some fair wood-nymph, my love ;
Shall I in gay habit my awkwardnes show,
The scorn of the beauty, the scoff of the beau ;
Be foremost to enter bright Pleasure's abode,
And commence, spite of nature, a man of the mode ?

O CHARLES, tho' ashamed and quite vex'd to my heart,

I'm forc'd to perform this ridiculous part ;

They drag me abroad 'mong the gay, the polite,
Make me dress all the day, make me visit all night.
With thy lovely sister delighted I rove,
And, aw'd by no terrors, talk freely of love;
But, surrounded by beaus, and address'd by the fair,
What words, my dear friend, can my feelings declare?
I stand like a criminal waiting his doom,
And would give half I'm worth to be out of the room.
I tremble with shame, while with laughter they shake,
The diversion of fools, like a beast at a wake.

Since I've been in this town, I may venture to say,
More mischief I've done than I e'er can repay :
If ever I come where a modish young maid is,
And am forc'd, 'gainst my will, to sit down by the
ladies,

My

80 MODERN MANNERS.

My unfortunate buckle some new distress causes,

Their muslin it rends, or disfigures their gauzes :

More crock'ry I break, though no evil designer,

Than a monkey let loose in a closet of China.

At old Lady LOVEPUPPY's tea-room, last night,

I put all the guests in a terrible fright :

She begg'd me to ring—I rose up in a hurry,

And felt for the bell in a violent flurry ;

The tassel I pull'd, and contriv'd to bring down

One of WEDGWOOD's antiques, that cost many a crown ;

Three steps I ran backward, quite struck with dismay ;

The unfortunate tea-table stood in my way ;—

(Alas ! had I known—but man cannot foresee things)—

Loud scream'd all the ladies—loud rattled the tea-
things—

The cream-jug was thrown in the lap of Miss GREASER,

And down went the urn on unfortunate CÆSAR !

Ah,

Ah, CÆSAR, why didst thou not fly from the urn?
Or didst thou not know that hot water would burn?
Nymphs drew out their 'kerchiefs, and wip'd their fine
cloaths,
The slaughter'd remains were pick'd up by the beaus :
While poor Lady LOVEPUPPY dropp'd on her knee,
Now squinted at CÆSAR, now squinted at me ;
Then hugg'd the poor creature, and sobb'd out some
prayers —
Struck dumb with confusion, I rush'd down the stairs,
And flying, while they were too busy to mind me,
Lest my gold-headed cane and my new hat behind me.

GEORGE R.

LETTER X.

Mr. RALPH RUSTY to JOHN C. Esq.

A CONVERSATIONE.

Portland Place, 1780.

MY Lord, t'other evening, when dinner was done,
And bottles and glasses, and fruit, were set on,
Produc'd a fine card from my Lady CHATTONY,
Who begg'd him to come to her *Conversatione* :
Go with me, he cried, and I'll promise a treat ;
There the gay, and the grave, and the learned will
meet :

There

There men of all tastes, and all humours you'll find,
And may join in the party that's most to your mind.
I was pleas'd with this thing I ne'er heard of before,
So his Lordship commanded the coach to the door :
Away then they drove us :—but when we got there,
The room was so full we could scarce find a chair :
KATE got to the sopha, by young lady HORNER,
Whom she'd seen at my Lord's; GEORGE flunk up in
a corner.

For my part, poor mortal ! I sat down behind,
'Twixt the window and door, in a current of wind ;
That I'm quite hoarse this morning, you need not be
told,
You know thorough air always gives me a cold.

Then coffee and tea
Were handed to me,
When they'd serv'd all the ladies and most of the beaus ;
'Twas none of it made
In the room where we stay'd,
But by some of the servants below, I suppose.

For my part, I hate
Tea-drinking in state,
With masters and misses, a numerous host :
I like to be able
To get at the table,
And sit within reach of the muffin and toast.

Each

Each half-empty cup
The fellows brought up,
Seem'd scarce to have got any heat from the fire ;
But indeed I must own,
Tho' cold as a stone,
'Twas as strong and as bitter as heart could desire.

When they'd handed about
To all the gay rout,
Two cups of the liquor which ladies adore,
And a small piece of cake,
Just sufficient to make
Those who tasted it long for a few pieces more,
Quickly out of our sight,
It astonish'd me quite,

The cake and the coffee, and tea-things they bore,
Without asking us once if we chose any more.

Then they got into parties, as suited them best,
Each set by themselves, turn'd their backs on the rest ;
To be sure, such gay people well knew what was right,
But *I* should have thought it not quite so polite.

First I sat by a cluster of beauties and beaus,
Who talk'd of fine ponies, fine women, fine cloaths ;
“ My lovely Miss WAGTAIL,” says pretty Beau BRISKER,
“ I've seen your dear friend, sweet Miss FILLY FAN-
“ FRISKER.”

“ —Dear creature ! —she's truly what all men adore

“ so ! ” —

“ —Faith not quite so charming, for some I know more

“ so.” —

“ —You

“ —You difficult thing ! you’re as rude as a bear,

“ You think nobody handsome, I vow and declare !

“ What fault can you find? —to be sure her hair’s
“ sandy,

“ And SCAPEGRACE protests that her legs are quite
“ bandy.”

“ —O,” cries Captain O’TATTER, “ they tell me,
“ my dear,

“ That swate crature has got near tree tousand a year.”

“ —No such thing, my dear Captain.—D’ye know Miss
“ BROCADE ?

“ What a sweet thing she’d on at the last masquerade !”

“ What was it ?” —“ A heavenly French silk, I vow,

“ All cover’d with spangles, I can’t tell you how.”

You'll guess that I soon turn'd away in a passion,
 Quite sick of these masters and misses of fashion ;
 And got by a nymph, with a white varnish'd face,
 And a fallow thin man, almost cover'd with lace.

“ —Did you hear the last song ? — by CECILIA, I

“ swear

“ The bliss was too great for my weak nerves to bear :

“ I was rapt all the time in a trance of delight ! —

“ But, CROTCHINI, was you at the opera last night ? ”

“ *Sans doute* — Do 'tis certain de opera fall off.” —

“ —They say PACHIEROTTI has got a sad cough ? ” —

“ —*Mon Dieu !* wid dis vile foggy air all about vone

“ *Ye Italiens*, dear Madame, are never vithout vone.” —

“ When's ABEL's next concert ? — I always go there. —

“ But sure they're all buried at Hanover-square.” —

“ Ah !

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“ Ah! no, I ave hear dat divine QUAVEROLO

“ Vill give us next veek a celestial *solo*.—

“ If I crawl on vone leg, I'll be dere.”—“ So will I :—

“ At *concertos* I'm rapt—but at *solos* I die.”

But soon from these vot'ries of music I ran,

And plac'd myself close by a parliament-man :

“ Pray, my Lord, was your Lordship at last night's

“ debate ?

“ I'm told that the house sat exceedingly late :

“ What d'ye think of the Premier ?—They say he

“ must fall —

“ What was done ?”—“ Why, as usual—just nothing

“ at all !—

“ Mr.—what's his name—labour'd two hours to prove,

“ That money's a thing which all ministers love ;

“ And

“ And shew’d, by quotations of Latin and Greek,

“ Each administration was wicked and weak.

“ While SKYROCKET talk’d about law and right reason,

“ ROME, GREECE, Dr. FRANKLIN, corruption, and

“ treason.”

“ But, my Lord, sure they notic’d this violent clatter;

“ What did ministers answer?”—“ Why, faith, no great

“ matter—

“ These people, you know, have the rage of debate;

“ They’re contented enough if they’re suffer’d to prate:

“ So we let ’em talk nonsense — but when we divide,

“ You need not be told that the laugh’s on our side.”

Next a party of critics and authors I join’d,

And thought I had found out a set to my mind:

Cries

Cries a little black man, "I'm convinc'd, Dr. GUZZLE,
" 'Tis a poor paltry book that was mention'd by
" PUZZLE.

" I'm told too that RATSANE and SCREACHOWL
" abuse it? —

" Have you, my dear Doctor, had time to peruse it?"

" O, yes, I have skimm'd it—'tis terrible trash,

" An *oleo* of nonsense, an ill-favour'd *hash*."

" Sir, good Mr. SHUTTLECOCK's pamphlet, depend on't,

" Which now is just publish'd, will soon make an end

" on't." —

" I heard," cries another, " at CADELL's, to-day,

" That JOHNSON's in town, and is writing away;

" I was charm'd with his MILTON; what judgment

" and spirit!

" Mr. RATTLESNAKE, sure you'll allow *this* has merit?

" You've

“ You’ve read it, no doubt, Sir.”—“ Not I, Sir,

“ indeed—

“ Read JOHNSON!—I’d sooner subscribe to the

“ creed!—

“ His opinions, religious and civil, I hate—

“ Sir, he’d make us all slaves to the church and the

“ state!”—

“ Gude Sir,” cries a Scot, springing up from behind,

And presenting his snuff-box, “ you’re quite o’ my mind;

“ Tho’ the Doctor would fain give our poets the law,

“ O’ the spirit of verse he knows nothing at a’;

“ In spite of his critique, I canna’ perceive,

“ What there is in your poem of ADAM and EVE:

“ An OSSIAN you read, MILTON canna’ ga doun,

“ ’Tis lik after a virgin a mesf o’ the toun:

“ No, troth, here the Doctor does nothing but dream,

“ For he is too purblind to ken the subleeme.”—

“ Hold,

“ Hold, hold, my good friend—I must stand by old
“ MILTON,
“ While the sword that I wear has a blade or a hilt on;
“ That great politician, that torch of our nation,
“ Must never be mention’d without veneration :
“ Respecting the Doctor, you say very true,
“ I think him as scurvy a critic as you,
“ But consider him now in a worse point of view : }
“ Pray is he not *pension’d*?—and does he not write, Sir,
“ To make us tame fools, and believe black is white,
“ Sir?
“ All friends to our freedom that *creature* must hate
“ Who pockets three hundred a year from the state.”

“ Gad troth, maister RATTLESNAKE, why do you

“ mention,

“ With so much asperity, Sir, that word *pansion* ?

“ The Doctor deserves na sic thing—but what then

“ In troth, I weel know many axcellent men,

“ Who never have thought it a shame or disgrace

“ T’ accept a wee pansion or snug pratty place ;

“ But then they have a’ fat doun selent as deeth—

“ The Doctor still vents his pestiferous breeth

“ Against a’ Scotch tenets and Scotch reputation,

“ Tho’ he found a gude friend in a Laird of our nation.”

“ I fee,” cries another, “ your anger he wakes,

“ Because he’s no friend to the *country of cakes* ;

“ Nor am I surpriz’d, for the place of our birth

“ We all of us think is the best upon earth :

“ And

“ And therefore we ne'er can the writer approve,

“ Who flights the dear land we so partially love.”

“ You speak like a seer—ah ! you ken, Sir, his Tour,

“ Our vary worst foe could have written no more ;

“ In thot he insinuates, tho' he canna' see

“ Twa yards, that we've na sic a thing as a tree,

“ Tho' just by the road there were saxteen or twanty,

“ And, if he'd gone more to the laft, he'd found plenty :

“ Nay, troth it's a fact, Sir, that's weel understood,

“ Au' Scotland was antiently cover'd with wood.”

And laft I approach'd a gay rattling young Lord,

Who seem'd by his talk just arriv'd from abroad ;

While the peer was recounting the wonders he saw,

The rest only answer'd with, *hum!* or with *ha!*

At

At last we were told ('tis a bouncer, I swear)
Of a cucumber, growing—I can't tell you where—
'Twas more than four porters to carry were able,
Two-and-thirty yards long, all coil'd up like a cable :
I burst out a laughing—the peer, with a bow,
Begg'd I'd walk with him down to the parlour below ;
I obey'd, wond'ring still what his business could be,
When shutting the door, turning briskly to me ;
“ As incredulous people are too apt to flout me,
“ I carry these pistols, my best proofs, about me :
“ Pray do me the favour—whichever you chuse—
“ I'll warrant them good, for they're always in use—
“ But we may disturb the good folks—'tis not
“ dark,—
“ I think we had better just step to *Hyde Park.*”—

In vain I ask'd pardon till quite out of breath,
The blood-thirsty villain was bent on my death ;
Spite of all I could do, spite of all I could say,
He *politely* persisted to shew me the way :
But, when I'd have given my life for a farthing.
My Lord had occasion to visit the garden :
On hearing the bustle, he stept in to see,
And came just in time for unfortunate me !
He ask'd my opponent the cause of this clatter,
And after they'd had but a few moments chatter, }
My spark said, My Lord had explain'd the whole matter :
For his part, he'd quite misconceiv'd the affair ;
And hop'd he should see me at CAVENDISH-SQUARE.
Then he open'd the door——begg'd I'd walk up the
stairs,
And he'd give a description of NEWFOUNDLAND bears.

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I answer'd

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I answer'd—I thought it was time to retire :
So, leaving my niece to the care of her squire,
And making my bow to the brave macaroni,
I trudg'd home, quite sick of a CONVERSATIONE.

RALPH RUSTY.

LETTER

L E T T E R XI.

Miss MARIA C. to Mr. GEORGE R.

Uncorrupted nature.

N. B. *Not to be read by any Lady of ton or spirit.*

Myrtle-Hill, 1780.

SWEET, as when morning showers refresh the rose ;

Sweet as the breeze that steals along the vale,

When bending peasants on their scythes repose,

And meet with open breast the coming gale ;

Sweet as the tranquil eve, when angry clouds,

Black with the frowning storm, have roll'd away ;

Dear as to wandering swains, when darkness shrouds

Their low-built cot, the taper's glimmering ray :

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So sweet, so welcome to MARIA's sight,
The well-known characters of him she loves ;
So dear the strain, which, like returning light,
Chears her faint heart, and every doubt removes.

Ah ! chide not, if a self-distrustful tear
Stain'd my wan cheek, and dimm'd my downcast eye ;
Ah ! chide not, if my bosom throb'd with fear,
When to yon glittering scene my Love drew nigh ;

Left, where unnumber'd polish'd nymphs engage,
With many a winning charm I ne'er display'd,
He soon should learn, in more experienc'd age,
To slight the choice his early youth had made :

As

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As when the eye has rov'd o'er gay parterres,

Where blooms of every clime for beauty vie,

It scorns the humble spot, which only bears

The sickly blossoms of a northern sky.

Ah ! no——unmov'd the glare of Pomp he views,

Wit's sparkling jewel, and Wealth's golden shower,

And quits the floweret of a thousand hues,

For the pale wild-rose of the rustic bower.

But, tho' untutor'd, unadorn'd by Art,

In me no modern, foreign Graces shine,

Something I boast—a fond, a faithful heart,

A treasure greater than GOLCONDA's mine !

When dawning Reason smil'd upon my youth,
With thee I turn'd bright FANCY's flowery page,
With thee revolv'd the sacred rolls of TRUTH,
With thee explor'd the Poet and the Sage.

Thy fire explain'd Religion's purer laws,
Bade FAITH's all-cheering ray illume my mind ;
He shew'd, o'er subject worlds, the great FIRST CAUSE,
The clouds his chariot, and his steed the wind :

That Piety, which grac'd thy reverend fire,
And dropp'd like heavenly manna from his tongue,
Warm'd thy young heart, nor didst thou blush t' inspire
Celestial truths which Angels might have fung :

For

For WISDOM shew'd, tho' fools with scorn may hear,
That those high themes religious hope displays,
Were far more worthy of a mistrel's ear,
Than abject flattery or impious praise.

Thus, by thy care, my soul was early taught
To imitate the truth that dwells above ;
From thy pure lips my little lore I caught,
Of thee I learn'd to think, of thee to love.

Should I not blush, while thus I freely bare
My heart, with all its weakness, to thy view ?
Ah ! no—let those, who bid their features wear
A borrow'd bloom, disguise their feelings too.

Let those their hearts conceal, who, slaves to state,
Affection's generous sympathy disdain,
Who smile upon the wealthy lord they hate,
And HYMEN's altar with false vows profane.

But could I strive my conscious love to hide,
Would not each secret wish to you be known?
Our thoughts together in one channel glide,
To learn my heart you need but learn your own.

Far from the domes of pomp, th' illumin'd hall,
The crowded theatre, the splendid board,
We'll seek the haunts where Love and Friendship call,
More priz'd than PLEASURE's wreath or FORTUNE's
hoard.

Together

Together oft we'll trip with dewy MORN,
Up the steep hill, and watch the opening sky,
Catch, from the hollow dell, the huntsman's horn,
While the fleet pack o'er distant vallies fly:

But, ah! thou ne'er wilt join the savage train,
Who chase, like beasts of prey, th' affrighted hare;
The sanguinary tyrants of the plain,
Who boast the slaughter they should blush to share.

When the parch'd earth reflects noon's scorching ray,
We'll seek the abbey's venerable gloom,
Where, on the green, dank roof, cool Zephyrs play,
Steal through the arch or loiter round the tomb.

Or,

Or, buried in the beach-surrounded cave,
Where, from the rock, emboss'd with pendant spar,
Cold trickling drops the half-worn fossils lave,
And distant day-light seems a glimmering star:

There, by that ray obscure, thou'l oft explain
The solemn pages of sententious YOUNG,
GRAY's moral verse, POPE's highly-polish'd strain,
And the wild notes the CHILD of FANCY sung.

When modest EVENING, in her robes of grey,
Springs, like a misty cloud, from eastern vales,
While the last sun-beams on the waters play,
And tinge with blushes the wide-spreading sails;

In

In that calm season, that love-favouring hour,
Along the winding stream we'll fondly rove,
Mark the faint tints of every watery flower,
Or watch the moon just breaking thro' the grove;

Then, as the stars in bright succession rise,
I'll learn the planetary lore from thee,
And, while we contemplate the glowing skies,
In mute devotion drop th' unconscious knee,

To HIM, who said "Let Light arise," — and Light
Sprang from the vault where brooding Darkness hung,
While Heaven's bright myriads shouted with delight,
And all the morning-stars together sung.

And

And wilt thou then, secluded thus, forego
 What fires the young ? Ambition's vivid flame,
 The long-drawn pomp that Asian rulers show,
 And the bright hope that pants for endless fame ?

Yes, generous youth, above the pride of kings,
 In all the blaze of courts you claim no part ;
 You leave the Great to soar on GLORY's wings,
 And fix your empire in MARIA's heart !

O ! if that empire thy ambition move,
 A fond, fond heart MARIA shall bestow :
 If tender, vigilant, submissive love
 Can banish grief, thou ne'er shalt sorrow know :

Young

Young CHEARFULNESS shall wanton round thy board,
Where oft the fainting stranger shall repair,
And bending Age shall bleſs the generous lord
Who learns with suppliant Want his wealth to share.

Thus down the placid stream we'll gently glide,
VIRTUE shall steer, and LOVE shall smooth the way;
And when the silver cords of life divide,
One mansion shall receive the mingled clay;

For, O! the voice that calls to endless rest
The man I love, with him shall summon me;
The icy hand that chills thy faithful breast,
Shall freeze the heart which only beats for thee.

MARIA C.

LETTER

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LETTER XII.

Mr. RALPH RUSTY to JOHN C. Esq.

The Power of the Fair—Examples Ancient and Modern.

Portland Place, 1780.

YOU'll wonder, my friend, why I stay here so long,
Since grunting and grumbling's the chief of my song :
But woman, dear woman, man's sweet pretty plaything,
That haughty, that humble, that gloomy, that gay thing ;
O'er me, forc'ress-like, waves her magical wand,
And compels me to yield to her stubborn command :

†

I, who

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I, who ne'er by a spouse meek obedience was taught,

I, who ne'er in the rat-trap of wedlock was caught,

Ne'er swallow'd that strong dram of comfort, a wife,

Which warms us at first, but soon preys upon life,

Am teaz'd and tormented with female caprice,

An old maiden sister, and young maiden niece.

The headstrong young minx puts me quite in a passion,

She's just like a mule, or a lady of fashion ;

She 'as got such ridiculous whims in her head ! —

I wish to my heart she was married—or dead !

And yet the young toad's not so bad as the old one,

When I talk of our home, she does nothing but scold

one ;

In

In vain I declare that her niece will be spoil'd here,
Her whiteness, she says, will not even be foil'd here.
My sister is one of the tribe of match-makers ;
Tho' old maids, in gen'ral, are rather match-breakers.
Ever since she 'as been here in the way of the great,
She 'as been peering about for a husband for KATE ;
Now she's baiting the hook for a wealthy old knight,
But I'll lay two to one it proves only a *bite*.

Thus you see, my dear friend, 'gainst my will I am
stay'd
By the obstinate schemes of a foolish old maid :
RUTH, you know, has been ever the plague of my
life —
An old maiden sister's as bad as a wife !

Perhaps

Perhaps you will laugh at my weakness, and wonder
That I, to a woman, will deign to knock under ;
But look round the world, and you'll soon find that no
man
Is free from the rod of tyrannical woman :
In each stage of life, the still-governing lasses,
Or lead us like infants, or drive us like asles.

ALEXANDER the mighty,
Who whole days would fight ye,
Was a dupe to a wench, I and you know ;
Miss THAIS soon grew
As errant a shrew,
As Jove's prying rib, Madam JUNO.

To burn and destroy
She led the mad boy,
With a torch in her hand like a bullying HECTOR ;
And I'll venture my head,
Each night in her bed,
She stunn'd his poor ears with a loud curtain lecture.

You've oft heard, I warrant,
Of th' ostler-like giant,
Who broke in mad horses, and clean'd out a stable ;
Her hand, his own club in,
Miss gave him a drubbing,
When the poor man to spin quite so fast was not able.

And

And why need I glosse over
That famous philosopher,
Who was turn'd out of doors by his *ʃpøʃa*, they say?
I shall never find time,
And still less find rhyme,
To repeat every instance of petticoat fway.

Depend on't, all worthies of whom we have read,
Had wives or had misses who well comb'd their head.

'Tis just so with us ; for in this we may see
The antients and moderns exactly agree :
There's General SCARECROW, just come from the wars,
With his purse full of gold, and his face full of scars ;

He swears they were got in the red field of Fame,
But his servants declare, by the claws of his dame.
Sir **T**OBY's oblig'd with his fat spouse to roam
To th' opera, t' avoid rougher music at home ;
There he dreams he's in counting-house weighing his
money,
Till rouz'd from his sleep by a pinch from his honey.
Good Dr. **D**ANDROWSY his cleanly wife forces
To old, scrubby garrets, to pen his discourses ;
She swears with his ink he has spoil'd her nice floor,
And vows she'll put up with such doings no more.
The soft Earl of **D**EWDROP, unfortunate Lord !
Has not made his appearance these two nights abroad ;
His darling Signora, by fury mis-led,
Drew her scissars and cut off three curls from his head ;

So the poor macaroni must keep within door,
Till Monsieur the frizeur has made him three more.

At length, to conclude,—with all women, you see,
As it was from the first, so it ever will be.

RALPH RUSTY.

LETTER XIII.

BRIDGET the House-maid to HESTER the
Dairy-maid.

A Panegyric on High Life.

Potland Plaice, 1780.

LARD, HESTER, in al youre born daies ye never sau
such a fine place,
You'd give youre eres; and som'ut to boot, my gall, to
be in my case—

As I hop to be savd it betes al the fine fites I ever come
a neer.—

Wy tis fair da here it fems evry da in the yere.—

I've got such a dele of nues to tel ye that I'm reddy to
buſt—

Yit there's such a mort of things in my minde, I dont no
which to fa furſt—

Ah, wench, I've got a ſite of ſwete arts!—In our
unkid place.

Wun can hardly git a man for luve or munny to luk in
wun's face.

You may tell ROBIN to luk out for a ſwete hart els ware,
For I wont have nothing to fa to ſuch a pore pokin crea-
ture, I ſware.

I feck's al the country fellers arnt wurth an olde ſong,
But here thay are hugging and kiſſing us al the da longe—
And ſuch ſmart fellers tu, none of you're lo-lived jacks,
But gentilmen ſutmen with pouder hafe wa down thare
backs;—

Thay're finer every day, than our top squire any wun
day;—

For thay're dresst al the weke as thof every da wos
Sunday.—

Thare's my Lord's *Vally de Shamper*, who wares grate
huge tales,

He's a vast clever man, and has ruffells down to his nails:
He tells me that he's *toute a vou*, which is as much as to sa,
That he'll luve me al the nite as well as al the da;
And that I have a *bone vizauge*, and a *bone cure*,
Which meens that I have a very handsum face, to be
sure.—

And thare's JOHN the footman, who's a great genus, and
alwaies telling

(For he makes varses) that I'm for all the world like one
Mrs. HELLING;

Now

Now who shud be I dont werry well no,
But fancy a woman of gud fortun a grate many yeres ago.
The ladis, for there all ladis here tho no better than me
or you,

(Lord come up to LUNON, gall, and be a lady too)

I say the ladis are all perdigious civile, and fa,
I shall sone be wone of the *bo monde* as well as they.—
Wen we get al togeder, you cant think howe merry we
al be,—

For thare's no old woman ater them, as thare wos ater
you and me :

I can't think wot bisniss my old mistuss had to be poking
hur head

Into evry corner—for my part I wiss al such misteris
wos ded.—

And besides we ete and drink wotever we have a minde,
All manner of nice things, and fine outlandish winde—

Such

Such as our master has but vonce a year, when he tretes
 The nite and barrownite with vensun and other stinking
 metes.—

You can't ges wot a mort of fine ladies CHARLES has
 had—

I couldint have thot that fine ladies wos so bad !

But they tells me that vartu is like a old fashion gound,
 Which is int fit to be worne by any boddee in this fine
 tound.—

It's wery wel for thos that be as ugly as a toade—

For fartaine, I alwaies thot it was a very cumbersum
 lode.

O, wench!—I've larn'd such a secret—that for anny
 munny I would'int sell! —

But will you promise upon your liffe and sole never to
 telle?—

Lard,

Lard, my old misters's is bel rings—I must go up stares,
 I dare be sworne, to rede sum of her olde fusty prares.
 When she has pord her ies out, then I must cum
 To rede here goud-for-nothing bucks—I wish I was
 dum !

Wen my friends had me taute, they thot themselves so
 wise and disarning,
 But I wis they wos furder for tetching me so much lar-
 ning.

Well, goud by, my gall ; cume oup to LUNNUN, for that's
 yare fort,
 And you'l sune git a place amung the ga fokes at cort—
 For my part, til I git you wid us I shaull be quite in a
 fidgit —

And so no more at present frome youre frend tel deth,

BRIDGIT.

LETTER

L E T T E R XIV.

Miss HARRIET F. to Miss KITTY R.

Corrupted Nature.

*Or the Sentiments of a general Novel-Reader—Ode to
PRUDENCE.*

Lovegroves, 1780.

A WAKE, my Muse, awake, Pierian Quire,
Tune the soft lute, and chord the deep-ton'd lyre !
Awake, and slowly strike the quivering strings,
While, the sad strain, repining FRIENDSHIP sings !

Yes, smiling nymph, whose easy mirth could lend
Thy lively spirit to thy graver friend,

For thee the Muse her fairest wreath shall spread,
And fondly mourn thee as a sister dead ;
For O ! no more you'll seek the hated plains,
Where Solitude in gloomy grandeur reigns,
Since crowds and courts your captive mind engage,
And all the trifles of this trifling age ;
No more you'll listen to the cooing dove,
And laughing ask me, what it is to love,
While I, from pages of romance, declare
The gentle passion which I long to share :
No more the much-lov'd novel shall employ,
(The much-lov'd novel, source of all my joy !)
Each hour, each moment, that we both can steal
From maiden aunts, who know not how to feel.
Oft your keen eye devour'd the tender page,
Free from the prying vigilance of age,

Till

Till dear FIDELLE perceiv'd your dragon near,
Leap'd in your lap, and yelp'd aloud for fear ;
Warn'd by the friendly sound, with speed you move
To hide from watchful prudes the tale of love ;
But now far other themes with rapture thrill,
A concert-ticket, or an opera-bill.
Once, thy bright eyes the radiant flame would dart,
To fire a book-worm curate's icy heart ;
While, by the well-directed aim perplext,
The bashful creature would forget his text ;
But now, you scorn to wage such amorous war,
Or glance on any thing — beneath a star.
—Ah, me ! my smiling friend returns no more—
Awake, my Muse, the cruel loss deplore !
Awake, my Muse, awake, Pierian Quire,
Tune the soft flute, and string the deep-ton'd lyre !

But

But while for thee I raise the plaintive strain,
I strive to sooth my troubled soul in vain ;
Why art thou absent now, my friend, my guide,
When peace-consuming doubts my heart divide ;
When PLEASURE wooes me to her roseate bowers,
And strews her mossy couch with blushing flowers ;
While PRUDENCE points to antiquated rules,
And all the dull morality of schools,
To teach, that PLEASURE's thoughtless sons must know
An hour of transport and an age of woe ?
Yes, dearest nymph, what most I wish'd to prove,
Now fills my swelling heart—alas, I love !

One fatal, happy eve, I chanc'd to stray,
Where the long avenue rejects the day,

Intent

Intent on HELOISE (heart-melting page !)

More worth than all the volumes of the Sage !

Sudden I cry, while kindling passions move,

“ Ye Powers ! what earthly joy can equal love !”

I spoke, and cast my languid eyes around,

When, lo ! a youth stood rooted to the ground ;

The robes of war his slender limbs enfold,

Not the rough steel and cumb’rous arms of old,

But melting scarlet, and seducing gold.

I scream’d aloud, and sunk in wild affright ; —

Soon at my feet appear’d the courteous knight ;

He rais’d me from the earth, with tendereft care,

Press’d my warm hand, and call’d me heavenly fair :

Swift flew the hours — at length he bade adieu,

And lingering, slowly to his steed withdrew :

But

But oft he seeks the well-known grove again,
Sighs at my feet, and breathes the amorous strain;
Oft, by the favouring moon, we fondly rove,
Till all my soul submits to conquering Love.

O ! say what course thy wavering friend shall chuse ?
Say, shall I dare—(but can I e'er refuse !)
Down the swift stream my little bark to steer,
And bravely scorn each base, prudential fear ?
Say, shall I fly where Love would fain persuade,
And trust the honour of a dear *cockade* ;
Or, sway'd by PRUDENCE, CUSTOM's servile slave,
Here waste the useless bloom which Nature gave ;
Here, like the nun, Religion's weeping prey,
In cold indifference pine my life away ?

O wretched state, that helpless Woman knows !

All laws, all lawgivers, her constant foes !

She, while soft passions in her eye-balls roll,

Pant in her breast, and kindle in her soul ;

She, weak in reason, ardent in desire,

Must learn to quench the heart-consuming fire ;

With look demure must veil the speaking eye,

Hide the warm blush, and check the tell-tale sigh :

While Man, who faintly feels the gentle law,

Whose frozen blood warm Love can scarcely thaw ;

He, unreserv'd, may every wish reveal,

And boast a passion he can hardly feel !

But should the Maid, disdaining base controul,

Dare to pursue the dictates of her soul,

Throw

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Throw off the mask, which custom bids her wear,
And scorn th' hypocrisy that guards the fair,
She roams, a wandering outlaw, through the earth,
Spurn'd from the door of those who gave her birth;
Reproach'd, insulted by unfeeling age,
Deaf to distress, and obstinate in rage;
Nay, even the sex, who, from experience, find
What strong desires impel the female mind,
Fly the lost nymph, as if her baneful breath
Spread, thro' the listening train, contagious death.

Then, PRUDENCE, come, and teach me to suppress
What open NATURE prompts me to confess,
What Virtue checks, what coy Reserve denies,
What Stoicks ridicule, and Saints despise;

Bid LOVE, affrighted at thy presence, fly,
 To reign unrivall'd in a happier sky,
 Where PREJUDICE no narrow limit draws,
 Nor binds a servile world in iron laws ;
 O ! teach the female heart no more to feel
 What You command us never to reveal.

Come, PRUDENCE, cloath'd in robes of dusky grey,
 Come, like some warning spectre of the night,
 Slow-gliding by, thy glimmering torch display,
 And rouse me from the vision of delight ;
 Arise, and harshly cry, " Awake and weep !"
 Tho' PLEASURE sweetly says, " Enjoy the soothing
 " sleep."

Impetuous

Impetuous Passions seize the captive soul,
And bear it onward with resistless speed,
While You, who early should their power controul,
Still lag behind when most your aid we need ;
At length You follow slow, with limping gait,
And come to chide our flight, but often come too late !

When LOVE's soft-breathing voice has charm'd the ear,
When LOVE's alluring form has caught the sight,
How shall weak Woman thy rough accents hear,
Or mark thy hagged visage with delight ?
How shall she then thy hidden value see,
Forsake her beauteous guide, and turn again to thee ?

When, from ripe fruit, which courts th' extended hand,
The stripling turns away the wishing eye ;
When the parch'd Arab, midst the burning sand,
Views the clear pool, yet speeds unheeding by ;
Then, PRUDENCE, Man thy dictates shall obey,
And follow, well content, where'er thou lead'st the way !

HARRIET F.

LETTER

LETTER XV.

Mr. RALPH RUSTY to JOHN C. Esq.

Holy War—Pious acts of the ragged Reformers.

Portland Place, 1780.

HOW happy are those who, like you, from afar,
Only hear of this uproar, this rude civil war!—
A set of mad bigots, a lawless banditti,
Have plunder'd and ravag'd this opulent city.
What shouting of ruffians, what burning of houses,
What screaming of daughters, what fainting of spouses!
Cits, nobles, and bishops, were struck with dismay,
Nay, 'twas fear'd ev'n the soldiers would all run away.

Last week, ah how blind are we all to our fate !
I went with his Lordship to hear the debate :
I was startled, I own, when I saw such a crowd
Of hangdogs, and heard them all shouting so loud ;
But soon as the peer, who sat trembling within,
Was spy'd by these friends of religion and gin,
They seiz'd on the horses, and, dragging him out,
My Lord, like a football, was bandied about ;
His elegant chariot, just finish'd by HATCHETT,
So fine I'd defy any Sheriff's to match it,
And *my* crimson suit, which you know was just new,
Were spatter'd with dirt by this draggle-tail crew.
His Lordship at last got away from the rabble,
And lost nothing more than his bag in the squabble ;
But I, two grim lamp-lighters kept me at bay so,
I could not contrive to get cheaply away so :

At

At length, when I swore I was hearty and firm in
The Cause, I was suffer'd to go by the vermin,
Regal'd as I pass'd with their sweet-scented breath,
A villainous perfume, that stunk me to death ;
I cannot compare it to *otto of roses*—
'Twould force tallow-chandlers to stop up their noses !
But ere I escap'd, a great *Protestant* lass
All at once thrust her masculine fist through the glass ;
And while, sorely wounded, I bled like a pig,
A foe to the Pope ran away with my wig —
I assure you, 'tis likely to prove a bad place ;
I've a plaster three inches in length on my face.

Next morning his lordship set off with us all,
And his plate and his jewels, for Whirlegig Hall ;

There,

There, JOHN, to my thinking, we liv'd quite in clover
For two or three days, till this uproar was over.

I'll send you down letters and pamphlets in plenty,
Of newspapers likewise some eighteen or twenty ;
They'll tell you the whole from beginning to end ;
Believe me, I'm sick of the subject, my friend ;
The thought of these Protestants still breaks my rest,
The sound of *No popery* I hate and detest ;
And to such a degree do I loathe every shade
Of the colour that mark'd their rebellious cockade,
That the family coat, which for so many ages
Distinguish'd our coachmen, our footmen, and pages,
Must now be transform'd to a different hue,
For I never shall bear to see any thing blue.

But

But this I must tell you, i'th' midf' of the clatter,
As I was—"Lord, KITTY!—why—what is the
" matter!—

" What GEORGE!—my dear GEORGE! my support
" and my joy,

" Taken up for a plot!—O unfortunate boy!"

But hold, what a blockhead am I! to spend time in
Exclaiming, and sobbing, and crying, and rhyming!—

* * * *

* * * *

—O Lord, my dear JACK, such a dreadful affair!

I'm still in a tremor, I vow and declare:

Poor GEORGE, my dear nephew, so harmless and quiet,

Was seiz'd as a rascal concern'd in the riot!

Our worthy young host, when he heard the sad tale,

With me flew to BOW-STREET, and got him to bail:

Poor

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Poor fellow ! but now, thanks be prais'd, all the worst is
Quite over ; my Lord has contented the Justice.

Adieu, my dear JOHN ; I shall soon write again,
But my hand shakes so now I can scarce hold my pen.

RALPH RUSTY.

LETTER

LETTER XVI.

Miss KITTY R. to Miss HARRIET F.

The Camps—A modern Soldier—The Promenade.

FLY, you know not where, d'ye say?

Lord, I can't tell what—but pray

Is he pretty, is he young?

Has he got a 'witching tongue?

Do the Graces round him dance?

Does he lispe the phrase of France?

Does his hat fit smart and pretty?

Is he tolerably witty?

I mean,

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I mean, witty for a beau—

That's but very scant, you know.

Are his teeth all white and even?

Does he swear your arms are heaven?

Can he make a handsome bow,

And trip up to you—you know how?—

Can he tales of scandal tell?

Can he sigh and flatter well?

He persuades to run away—

Well—I know not what to say—

'Tis something hazardous, in truth,

To trust a military youth—

Perhaps I know what I should do—

But that's no rule for Prudes like you.

Write

Write odes to Prudence! — out upon you!

Indeed I have no mercy on you!

O! may the hag you seem to want

Appear, in likeness of my aunt,

Confine you till your beauties fade,

Then send you forth a wither'd maid,

To scold the maidens, watch the men,

To sip a cordial now and then,

To drive away, with busy hate,

The dogs and cats from rooms of state,

To mend old china, broke in pieces,

And plague your nephews and your nieces!

But while, midst love-inspiring groves,

My friend with pretty Captain roves,

Here's

Here's the deuce and all to pay—
Something about the Pope, they say.—
Indeed, the horrid, barbarous noise
Put a stop to all my joys ;
For we were forc'd away to drive,
Lest we should be burnt alive.
Only think, my dear, what fellows !
I hope they'll all come to the gallows !

But one good thing, indeed, they bring—
O the sweet, enchanting thing !
A CAMP in ev'ry place about one !—
Who, ye Gods ! would be without one !

O how charming 'tis to see 'em
In the garden of MUSEUM !
O how

O how sweet, when almost dark,
Walking thro' the whiten'd PARK !

O the lovely, loving creatures,
With well-shap'd limbs, and blooming features ;

Bowing, smiling, softly swearing,
Beneath our hats and bonnets staring !

Ah, silly woman ! naughty varlet !

Why dost thou doat on bits of scarlet ?

Ever since the world began,

Spite of gibes, reproaches, taunts,
Spite of every sober plan

Form'd by grandams, mothers, aunts,
Scarlet has been still our passion,
Never, never out of fashion !

The God of war his servants chose,
And bade them blood-stain'd liveries wear,
Then sent them forth to smite their foes,
But as they pass'd they smote the fair ;
Each female heart they bore away,
A willing, unresisting prey.

What do these dear things possess,
That we ladies so delight in ?
Is it manners, air, address,
Skill in dancing, dressing, fighting ?
What peculiar beauties grow
In a military beau ?

Something,

Something, which I can't explore,
Tho' 'tis felt by me and you,
And by many thousands more,
In all they say, in all they do,
Something so extremely moving,
That soft females can't help loving.

But see, more gay than beau of France is,
The MAJOR (ah! how well he dances!) }
To me in minuet step advances ! }
Gales of perfume tell him near ;
The Air's in love with him, my dear ;
For his soft form she embraces,
Even at all public places,
And steals from him, and scatters round him,
Scents with every sweet abounding !

But, indeed, you cannot guess
How complete the MAJOR's dress !
See how wide the hat is spread,
The well-cock'd hat, that hides his head :
With the owner in alliance,
It seems to bid his foes defiance :
At the loop the dear cockade,
Fatal charm to many a maid !
Beneath the beaver, stretching wide,
Three well-shap'd curls on either side,
Uninjur'd by the envious wind ;
And O, the pretty tail behind !
Next his winning coat, behold,
Conquering scarlet, trim'd with gold !
See two watch-strings, form'd of hair,
Gift of some deluded fair ;

Loaded

Loaded too with pretty things,
Trinkets, lockets, seals, and rings :
On his milk-white finger shine
Half the gems of India's mine ;
But who the praises can repeat,
Of dear *Artois*, that hide his feet,
Where silver, gold, and gems unite,
Blaze in the sun, and blind the sight !

He speaks—his ruddy lips disclose
Odours sweeter than the rose ;
“ Lovely creature, how d’ye do ? ” —
“ —Ah, dear MAJOR, is it you ? ”
“ —Your slave—but was you in the garden
“ When—My Lord, I ask your pardon—

“ My eyes were so intent upon her,
“ I did not see you, 'pon my honour ! —
“ But will you, fairest, take your tea
“ This evening here in my MARQUEE ? ”
“ Then let's have musick” — “ O, *sans doute* !
“ Bassoon, clarinet, and flute.” —
“ Come, the — what's his name ” — “ Young *Paddy* ? ” —
“ — No — I mean the *Yellow Laddie*. —
“ *Gramachree* — 'tis my delight ;
“ And now I long for *Sable night* —
“ O ye Gods, it charms my ear !
“ — Don't you, Major, die to hear —
“ Pray, my Lord, who's that that stares ? —
“ People give themselves such airs ! ” —
“ Can't remember, 'pon my soul —
“ — O 'tis Lady RANTIPOLE ;
“ She

“ She that’s in the spotted fattin,
“ Walking with Miss POLLY PATTEN ;
“ POLLY, toast of *Lombard-street*—
“ How she views her little feet,
“ With what an air she waves her head,
“ Her eyes how black, her lips how red !
“ How white her teeth, (bewitching jade !)
“ The best RUSPINI ever made.”
“ Who’s that fat man struts about so ?”—
“ ’Tis the Baron BANGDOROUTZO ;
“ He, who wanted to be rude
“ With his cook, an errant prude ;
“ But the stout jade, I can tell ye,
“ Beat him almost to a jelly.”—
“ Major, who’s that pretty beau
“ In the midst of yonder row ?

“ Sprightly, soft, bewitching creature !

“ Beauty blooms in every feature !

“ Mark, how all the gazing throng

“ Eye him as he trips along.” —

“ What, d’ye mean that peer of fashion,

“ With glittering star and azure fash on ?” —

“ Star, O, no—that’s quite a *bore* !

“ We the gorget now adore :

“ Not the peer, but he that’s pacing

“ By the tree, in yellow facing.” —

“ O, I think I know his air —

“ Yes, ’tis pretty Colonel STARE :

“ The Colonel—no faith, ’tis his Lady :

“ You know he keeps Miss SQUANDER-PAY-DAY.”

“ Well, now, ’tis a shame, I swear,

“ Females such a garb should wear —

“ Why, one can’t tell *what* they are !”

“ ‘Tis the *ton*.”—“ The *ton*!—what then,

“ Must we take these *things* for men?

“ Must faint beaus shrink back with terror,

“ Till, at last, they find their error;

“ And the ladies lose their hearts

“ To a set of female smarts?

“ No, let all these *doubtfuls* get,

“ Instead of glittering *epaulette*,

“ A printed *label*, to describe

“ In words like these their sex and tribe:

“ *Let not this garb soft nymphs trepan*,

“ *This pretty thing is not a man*.—

“ As I live, there’s Lady BANGDOG,

“ Hobling here with lawyer HANGDOG;

“ ROSIN

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“ ROSIN too, and lady PIDDLER,

“ She’s always with some dirty fidler.

“ There’s obsequious Doctor PANDAR

“ Making love to Lady GANDAR :

“ How the beldame curls her whiskers ! —

“ Bless me ! there’s the two Miss FRISKERS !

“ How genteel ! ” — But what’s that noise ? —

Surely ’tis my uncle’s voice —

“ KATE, why KATE ! they wait for you ! ” —

I come, I come, — sweet girl, adieu —

CATHARINE R.

Portland Place, 1780.

LETTER

LETTER XVII.

Miss RUTH RUSTY to Mrs. SUSAN.

Lamentations of RUTH—Dr. PROMETHEUS.

Portland Place, 1780.

WHEREVER I go, my dear SUSAN, I meet
Poor Protestants hanging in every street:

Lack-a-day! what a shame, that such pious young
fellows

In the cause of religion, should come to the gallows!

They fain would perswade me these grim-visag'd martyrs,
Were puritan Scotchmen, or popish *upstarters*.

But

But tho' from the morning to night they should chatter,
I'm determin'd I'll never believe no such matter.
What ! *Skipticks* engage in so noble a work ? —
I'd sooner suppose that there's truth in a Turk !
No, no, these were no such republican people,
Who spurn at a surplice, and fly from a steeple ;
But worthy reformers, who took it in hand,
To root out the Pope's horrid crew from the land,
What pity so noble a scheme should not thrive !
I would they had burnt all the papists alive !

Ah, SUSAN, indeed 'tis a sin and a shame
Our Bishops (but sure they deserve not the name !)
To scurvy dissenters such countenance give,
And suffer these vile *papist* wretches to live !
That impudent cant of a free toleration,
Which Churchmen encourage, will ruin the nation :

O lack !

O lack! I could tear up the earth, when I think
That schismatic priests should have viuals and drink!

But SUSAN,—I've found out the greatest physician—
In troth I believe he's a sort of magician;
For, without any drugs, by an engine alone,
He cures all disorders that ever were known.
In his house they are warbling all night and all day,
And there stands a fine lady, a goddes, they fay,
You'd think her all paint; she 'as as ruddy a look
As old Mrs. FURNACE, Squire ROUNDABOUT's cook.
But, in truth, it is only the bright flush of health,
Which, the Doctor assures us, is better than wealth.
He protests on his honour, there were not a few sick,
But yesterday cur'd by a concert of music.
If piping should fail, he proceeds a step higher,
Grinds round his *'paratus*, and cures you with fire.

He

He drives off at once all disorders that plague you ;

He burns out hot Fever, he burns out cold Ague ;

He shakes off the Palsey, strikes Gout with dismay,

And forces Consumption to gallop away.—

A fortnight ago, one Miss FATTY VANWAPSY

Was cur'd, all at once, of a very bad dropsy ;

Miss FINCH was so hoarse, she could scarce scream a note,

And Counsellor HEM had a bur in his throat ;

While Captain COSMETIC, his intimates say,

At sight of a pistol has fainted away :

But a shock from the Doctor has set 'em all right—

The lawyer can plead, and the soldier can fight,

And Miss sung us all into rapture last night.

Sir ROLLAROUND RUMBLE, the parliament-man,

Set the house all a laughing whene'er he began ;

His neck was stretch'd out, as if going to bray,

And his voice much resembled the sound of a dray ;

But

But now, since the Doctor prescrib'd for his case,

He never distorts any gentleman's face.

The old Earl of PEERABOUT could not see clear;

But was always found *there*, when he ought to be *here*;

The Doctor's conductor has open'd his eyes,

He knows when to sit down, and knows when to rise;

And is now never seen, when the houses divide,

To be blind to his *duty*, and take the *wrong* side.

Miss BARBARA DIEAWAY's nerves were so weak,

That she seldom could move, nay she scarcely could speak,

But, rouz'd by this second PROMETHEUS, the Lady

Is now grown so brisk that the people cry, "Hey-day!

" Why is not this she who could never bear dancing?

" And now only see, how she's frisking and prancing!"

A grave young Divine, at the Doctor's desire,

Receiv'd a few sparks of celestial fire;

On

On plain moral subjects he us'd to be treating,
So his hearers drop'd off, and all ran to the meeting ;
But since he has felt this electrical shock
He's grown a *fine man*, and recover'd his flock ;
Now softly he whispers, now loudly he cries,
Spreads his arms, thumps his bosom, and rolls round his eyes ;
The matrons declare he's an excellent teacher,
The misses protest he's a sweet charming preacher ;
And he, who before scarce six hearers could boast,
Now shines, like a chief, at the head of an host.
A fam'd Auctioneer, who was always a showing
His taste, and his teeth, was in earnest a-going ;
That hag, Miss Consumption, had seiz'd on his lungs,
And very near stop'd the most tuneful of tongues ;
But the Doctor has made the pale Fury knock under,
With electrical lightning and musical thunder ;

Once

Once more the great man waves his eloquent hammer,
Bows, smiles, and begins, with an elegant stammer
Or rather a soft hesitation, that shows
As his merit increases his modesty grows.

'Twere endless to tell all the wonders he 'as done,
Beyond all the doctor's-stuff under the sun :
I wish you was here, for I'm fully assur'd
Your very worst corns would be presently cur'd.

They fain would have had me, tho' then 'twas just dark,
Receive a slight shock, or electrical spark ;
But I promis'd to visit him when it was light,
You know I'm afraid to be out of a night :
He says, electricity makes one grow stronger,
And ensures one, at leaft, for an hundred years longer ;

Yet, surely on purpose to give him the lie,
Still obstinate people continue to die.

You'll wonder to hear, but indeed it is true,
The Doctor 'as no private advantage in view ;
He takes fees indeed—but that's merely to live,
That he still may remain his assistance to give ;
But his principal object, you'll certainly find,
Is the comfort, the health, and the good of mankind.

RUTH RUSTY.

LETTER

LETTER XVIII.

Mr. RALPH RUSTY to JOHN C. Esq.

PERORATION, or, for musical readers, FINALE.

Portland Place, 1780.

WHAT a blockhead was I for amusement to roam !

Ah idiot ! why wast thou not quiet at home ?

I'll swear you may sail from Old ENGLAND to SIAM,

And ne'er be so sick of your journey as I am.

You may venture your bacon at fam'd OTAHEITE,

There Indians untutor'd are kind and polite t'ye.

They're polite to you here, with a vengeance, 'tis true,

But the rascals have always some mischief in view ;

The modish barbarians of this polish'd place

Stab home to the heart, while they smile in the face.

Ah, would you believe it? my cousin so civil,
So kind, so polite, is as black as the devil;
And KITTY, in whom I such confidence put,
Is a forward, audacious, and impudent slut!

Yes, my once pretty rose, my once innocent maid,
Sign'd and seal'd her disgrace at the last masquerade:
A prey to my Lord, most abandon'd of beaus,
A victim to flattery, love, and fine cloaths!

O why this vile journey did I stand their friend in?
But who would have dreamt of so tragic an ending!

I fought, I enquir'd, till quite of breath,
Disorder'd, afflicted, and jaded to death,
And GEORGE ran about like a dog in a fair,
In search of this wench, fled no mortal knew where:

At length we discover'd, the saucy young gipsy
Set off with my Lord, when he 'ad made her half tipsy,

And,

And, lest we might think it worth while to go a'ter,
They've taken a trip t'other side of the water.

A fine pretty age this ! as easy as may be,
Poor virtue is trap'd like an overgrown baby.
Our nobles stand foremost the patrons of vice,
Their business is wenching, their Gods are the dice !

O fond, foolish woman ! though over-wise never,
Now ten times more silly, more headstrong than ever ;
Or fasting or full, you can never be easy,
Unless you've a lover to plague, and to please ye.

My Lady's surpriz'd that we make such a clatter
Concerning so *trivial* and *common* a matter. —
What philosophy shines in the wives of this town !
Ah surely the world is turn'd quite upside down !

RUTH, foolish old creature! (but proverbs have told one,
 Of all fools there's none to compare with the old one)
 Though she went sick to bed, the sad news had so
 shock'd her,
 Rode early this morning to church with the DOCTOR :
 Yes, now her first wish is accomplish'd—she's wedded,
 But I hope from my soul that she'll never be bedded.
 Such old love-sick virgins I cannot abide—
 Is a gorgon-fac'd harridan fit for a bride?—
 I'd as soon have a death's head and bones by my side.

O ! may the good Doctor trust all her estate
 To bankrupts, who here have been plenty of late ;
 May he never enjoy one poor sixpenny piece,
 Once meant for her nephew and run-away niece !
 And may the old wedded rib get nothing by't,
 But discord all day, and contention all night !

I hear

I hear that our neighbour Miss F, KITTY's crony,
Was seen, here in town, with a red macaroni,
A thing like a soldier:—These runaway fancies
Are happy effects of our modern romances !
In vain may their grandams cold modesty preach,
While such touchwood novels are left in their reach.

GEORGE, now the sole heir to the RUSTY estate,
(Tho' I'll not quite abandon unfortunate KATE)
Is eager with me to depart in a trice,
And fly from this temple of folly and vice;
No pomp can allure, no town beauties can fire,
The varlet's still true to your pretty MARIA.

Adieu, my dear friend—we to-morrow set off,
Tho', seeking this girl, I have got a sad cough;

168 MODERN MANNERS.

For, riding post-horses thro' all sorts of weather,
I caught cold, and lost great abundance of leather,
I'm flay'd like a martyr—of skin not a bit on,
While writing I've two or three cushions to sit on.

Once more then farewell—but if ever I'm known,

Again to set foot in this villainous town,
May I take to my arms a gay, buxom young wife,
To spend all my fortune and shorten my life!

May she joy to perplex me,

Torment, tease, and vex me,

Plant my forehead with horns,

My pillow with thorns;

May I study in vain to get rid of the evil,

And wish myself ten times a day at the devil!

RALPH RUSTY.

PENELOPE

PENELOPE TO ULYSSES.

FROM OVID.

PENELOPE ULYSSI.

HANC tua PENELOPE lento tibi mittit, ULYSSE.

Nil mihi rescribas attamen: ipse veni.

Troja jacet certe Danais invisa puellis:

Vix PRIAMUS tanti, totaque Troja, fuit.

O utinam tunc, cum Lacedæmona classe petebat, 5

Obrutus insanis esset adulter aquis!

Non ego deserto jacuissim frigida lecto,

Nec quererer tardos ire relicta dies:

Nec

PENELOPE to ULYSSES.

TO thee, ULYSSES, truant as thou art,
The fond PENELOPE unfolds her heart;
Ah! must thy consort still, unheeded, mourn
Thy long delay?—yet write not, but return.—
Troy, once so hateful to the Grecian dames, 5
Now lies the refuse of avenging flames;
Yet scarcely PRIAM and his whole domain
Were worth so many years of toil and pain.
O! had th' adulterer in the waves been lost,
As, with his fleet, he sought the Spartan coast! 10
Then had I ne'er, to every pleasure dead,
Stretch'd my cold limbs on a deserted bed,
Nor pass'd in solitude the tedious day,
Nor strove to while more tedious nights away,

The

172 PENELOPE ULYSSI.

Nec mihi quærenti spatiösam fallere noctem,

Lassaret viduas pendula tela manus.

14

Quando ego non timui graviora pericula veris?

Res est solliciti plena timoris amor.

In te fingebam violentos Troas ituros:

Nomine in HECTOREO pallida semper eram.

Sive quis ANTILOCHUM narrabat ab HECTORE victum;

ANTIOCHUS nostri causa timoris erat.

16

Sive MENETIADEN falsis cecidisse sub armis,

Flebam successu posse carere dolos.

Sanguine TLEPOLEMUS Lyciam tepefecerat hastam;

TLEPOLEMI letho cura novata mea est.

20

Donique,

PENELOPE TO ULYSSES. 173

The thread directing through the loom to glide, 15

Till my weak, widow'd hands their aid deny'd.

What dangers, imag'd to my soul, appear,
And greater than the true!—Love teems with fear.

'Gainst thee, methinks, the furious Trojans rise—
At HECTOR's name alone my colour flies!— 20

They tell how brave ANTILOCHUS was slain
By PRIAM's son—my terrors wake again!

They tell PATROCLUS' fate—so soon o'erthrown,
Though well disguis'd by splendors not his own:

I weep and tremble while I hear the tale, 25
Lest even ULYSSES' arts at last should fail:

TLEPOLEMUS renew'd each tender fear,
When with his blood he warm'd the Lycian spear:

Denique, quisquis erat castris jugulatus Achivis,

Frigidius glacie pectus amantis erat.

Sed bene consuluit casto Deus æquus amori :

Versa est in cinerem fospite Troja viro.

Argolici rediere duces : altaria fumant :

25

Ponitur ad patrios barbara præda Deos.

Grata ferunt nymphæ pro salvis dona maritis :

Illi victa suis Troïa fata canunt.

Mirantur justique senes trepidæque puellæ :

Narrantis conjux pendet ab ore viri.

30

Atque

Whate'er his name among the Grecian band
Who fell untimely on yon hostile strand, 30
I caught th' alarm, lost was my labouring breath,
And cold my bosom as the hand of death.

But Heaven to virtuous love protection gives,
Troy lies in ashes and ULYSSES lives.

The chiefs of Greece return, our altars blaze ; 35
Barbaric spoils each hallow'd fane displays :
The pious brides their grateful offerings bring
For many a hero sav'd—the warriors sing
The fate of Troy, her domes in ruin laid—
Mute stand the hoary fire and trembling maid : 40
The listening wife, attentive to the fight,
Hangs on her husband's lips with fond delight.

Some

176 PENELOPE ULYSSI.

Atque aliquis posita monstrat fera prælia mensa;

Pingit & exiguo Pergama tota mero.

Hac ibat Simoës; hic est Sigeïa tellus;

Hic steterat PRIAMI regia celia senis.

Illic ÆACIDES: illic tendebat ULYSSES:

35

Hic lacer admissos terruit HECTOR equos.

Omnia namque tuo senior, te quærere missò,

Retulerat nato NESTOR: at ille mihi.

Retulit & ferro RHESUMQUE DOLONAQUE cæsos:

Utque sit hic somno proditus, ille dolo.

49

Ausus es, ô nimium nimiumque oblite tuorum,

Thracia nocturno tangere castra dolo;

Totquæ

Some on the board the purple vintage shed,
And shew where Ilion rais'd her haughty head ;
This the Sigean land ; here Simoïs flows ; 45
There reverend PRIAM's lofty palace rose ;
Here stood PELIDES' tents in fair array ;
While there encamp'd the wise ULYSSES lay ;
And here th' immortal steeds outstripp'd the wind,
Affrighted at the corse they dragg'd behind. 50
For all the fortune of the various field,
First, to thy son, the Pylian sage reveal'd—
That son, who long o'er many a distant coast,
Adventurous rang'd, to seek a father lost.
Thy rash exploits we hear—I know too well 55
How DOLON was deceiv'd, how RHESUS sleeping fell.
Dar'st thou—O ! too too thoughtless of thy love !
Through Thracia's hostile tents at midnight rove,

Totque simul mactare viros, adjutus ab uno :

At bene cautus eras, & memor ante mei.

Usque metu micuere finus ; dum victor amicum

45

Dictus es Ismariis isse per agmen equis.

Sed mihi quid prodest vestris disjecta lacertis

Ilion ; & murus quod fuit ante, solum :

Si maneo, qualis Troja durante manebam ;

Virque mihi dempto fine carendus abest ?

50

Diruta sunt aliis, uni mihi Pergama restant ;

Incola captivo quæ bove victor arat.

Jam seges est, ubi Troja fuit, refecandaque falce ;

Luxuriat Phrygio sanguine pinguis humus.

Semisepulta

PENELOPE TO ULYSSES. 179

With only one to aid the bloody strife——

Ah! is it thus you heed a suffering wife!

6

Yes—still I shudder, while our Greeks recite

How, with his prize, my hero speeds his flight,

Till, safe from all pursuit, he drops the reins,

And Grecia's camp th' Ismalian steeds contains.

But what avails to me, though Ilion fall,

65

And culture smile, where rose her threatening wall,

If still the same repining cares I prove,

Far distant from my arms the man I love?

To others fallen, to me Troy yet survives,

Though, through her fields, his plough the victor drives.

Where once a city tower'd, the yellow grain,

71

Luxuriant waving, clothes the teeming plain,

Which, fat with blood of many a Phrygian band,

Bears plenteous crops to court the reaper's hand;

N 2

By

180 P E N E L O P E U L Y S S I.

Semisepulta virûm curvis feriuntur aratris

55

Offa: ruinasas occulit herba domos.

Victor abes; nec scire mihi, quæ causa morandi,

Aut in quo lateas ferreus orbe, licet.

Quisquis ad hæc vertit peregrinam littora puppim,

Ille mihi de te multa rogatus abit.

60

Quamque tibi reddat, si te modo viderit usquam,

Traditur huic digitis charta notata meis.

Nos

PENELOPE TO ULYSSES. 181

By crooked ploughshares to the sight reveal'd, 75
The warriors' bones, half buried, strew the field,
While spreading o'er the ruin's mouldering side,
Rank weeds and grafts the last sad reliks hide.

O ! conqueror ! absent still ! — while here alone
I mourn thy stay, the fatal cause unknown ! 80
Unknown the pathless sea o'er which you rove,
Unknown the barbarous clime that hides my love !
Soon as a foreign bark has gain'd the land,
A thousand questions my fond lips demand ;
And when his parting sail the stranger rears, 85
Trac'd by my hand, the tender scroll he bears ;
For thee each dictate of my heart conveys,
Should chance conduct him where ULYSSES strays.

Nos Pylon, antiqui Neleia NESTORIS arva,

Misimus: incerta est fama remissa Pylo.

Misimus & Sparten. Sparte quoque nescia veri, 65

Quas habitas terras, aut ubi lentus abes.

Utilius starent etiam nunc moenia PHOEBI.

Irascor votis heu levis ipsa meis !

Scirem, ubi pugnares ; & tantum bella timerem ;

Et mea cum multis juncta querela foret. 70

Quid timeam ignoro : timeo tamen omnia demens ;

Et patet in curas area lata meas.

Quæcunque

PENELOPE TO ULYSSES. 183

In Sparta's realms, on Nestor's shore, in vain,
I sought some tidings of thy fate to gain : 90
Nor Pylos' sage, nor Sparta's king can show
Where roams the dear, dear cause of all my woe,
What region of the world, what clime abhor'd
Keeps from his consort's arms her lingering lord.
O ! happier far, if still our hated foes 95
Unconquer'd fought, and still their bulwarks rose !
(Inconstant to the vows I breath'd before,
The ruin that I wish'd I now deplore !)
For then ULYSSES' deeds would glad my ear,
And war be all my anxious soul could fear ; 100
With others' tears my sorrows then might flow,
And I should only mourn the common woe.
I dread I know not what—yet still for you
A world of cares lies open to my view ;

Quæcunque æquor habet, quæcunque pericula tellus;

Tam longæ caufas suspicor esse moræ.

Hæc ego dum stulte meditor (quæ vestra libido est) 75

Esse peregrino captus amore potes.

Forsitan & narres, quam sit tibi rustica conjux;

Quæ tantum lanas non finat esse rudes.

Fallar, & hoc crimen tenues vanescat in auras:

Neve revertendi liber abesse velis.

Me pater ICARIUS viduo discedere lecto

Cogit, & immensas increpat usque moras.

Increpet usque licet: tua sum; tua dicar oportet.

PENELOPE conjux semper ULYSSIS ero.

Ille tamen pietate mea precibusque pudicis 85

Frangitur, & vires temperat ipse suas,

Dulichii, Samiique, & quos tulit alta ZACYNTHOS,

Turba, ruunt in me, luxuriosa, proci:

Inque

Whate'er of peril lands or feas display, 105

My fancy paints as bars that croſt thy way.

While thus the wife laments, her lord may prove

The doting captive of an alien love :

Perhaps he laughs to scorn his rustick bride,

Who only knows the busy loom to guide— 110

Perish the thought!—my jealous doubts away!

Like me he mourns th' involuntary stay.—

Oft hath my fire, by quick resentment led,

Thy consort urg'd to quit her widow'd bed—

No—let ICARIUS plead and chide in vain!— 115

Thine still I am, and thine will still remain.

But, touch'd at length by prayers and modest love,

No more he seeks my fix'd resolve to move.

From many a neighbouring clime a suitor crowd
Invade my courts, luxurious, bold and loud : 120

From

Inque tua regnant, nullis prohibentibus, aula.

Viscera nostra, tuæ dilaniantur opes. 90

Quid tibi PISANDRUM, POLYBUMQUE, MEDONTAQUE
dirum,

EURYMACHIQUE avidas ANTINOIQUE manus,

Atque alios referam ; quos omnes turpiter absens

Ipse tuo partis sanguine rebus alis ?

IRUS egens, pecorisque MELANTHIUS actor edendi, 95

Ultimus accedunt in tua damna pudor.

Tres sumus imbelles numero ; sine viribus uxor,

LAERTESQUE senex, TELEMACHUSQUE puer.

From high Zacynthus' coast her chiefs appear,

And those whom Samos and Dulichium rear.

O'er all thy train they lord it uncontroll'd,

And, in thy hall, their midnight banquets hold :

Thy wealth is scatter'd, with unsparing hand,

125

To pamper robbers from a foreign land.

But why, to thee, their hated names rehearse ?

PISANDER, POLYBUS, and MEDON fierce ;

EURYMACHUS, ANTINOUS, slaves of gain,

With all the throng who here, as princes, reign,

130

And, while you loiter, waste in glutton food,

The hard-earn'd treasure purchas'd with your blood.

The beggar IRUS, and the goatherd base,

Share in the spoil—thy last, most foul disgrace.

Three still are thine — what arms can these employ, 135

A wife, a grandfire, and a beardless boy ?

Ille per infidias pæne est mihi nuper ademptus;

Dum parat invitatis omnibus ire Pylon.

100

Dī precor hoc jubeant, ut, euntibus ordine fatis,

Ille meos oculos comprimat, ille tuos.

Hoc faciunt custosque boüm longævaque nutrix;

Tertius, immundæ cura fidelis haræ.

Sed neque LAERTES, ut qui fit inutilis armis,

105

Hostibus in mediis regna tenere valet.

TELEMACHO veniet (vivat modo) fortior ætas:

Nunc erat auxiliis illa tuenda patris.

Nec

PENELOPE TO ULYSSES. 189

For him the deathful snares our foes prepar'd,

When late, for Pylos' shore his sail he rear'd.

O ! hear, immortal Gods ! preserve my son,

Still in her wonted course let nature run !

140

So shall my child receive my latest sighs,

And close, with pious hand, a father's eyes.

In this fond pray'r the guardian of the swine,

The faithful nurse, the loyal herdsman join.—

But can LAERTES' arm, unnerv'd by age,

145

With active youth th' unequal combat wage ?

Can he, whose vital blood cold time hath froze,

Defend thy realm amidst such numerous foes ?

TELEMACHUS to hardier years shall rise,

If no untimely fate that hope denies :

150

But now his unprotected age should share

A father's counsels and a father's care.

What

190 P E N E L O P E U L Y S S I.

Nec mihi sunt vires inimicos pellere tectis :

Tu citius venias, portus & ara tuis.

110

Est tibi, sitque precor, natus ; qui mollibus annis

In patrias artes erudiendus erat.

Respice LAERTEN, ut jam sua lumina condas :

Extremam fati sustinet ille diem.

Certè ego, quæ fueram, te discedente, puella,

115

Protinus ut redeas, facta videbor anus.



PENELOPE TO ULYSSES. 191

What force is mine? Can my weak, woman hand,
Grap the tall spear, and free this plunder'd land?
Come, thou! — thy fame, thy love, thy duty call! 155
Come thou! our hope, our strength, our life, our all!
Thou hast a son—whose breast thy virtues fire,
Train'd from his youth to emulate his fire.
Behold, LAERTES, half expiring, lies,
Who calls on thee to close his aged eyes! 160
And I, a blooming girl, scarce ripe my charms,
When rigid honour tore thee from my arms,
Ere once again my wandering lord appears,
Shall seem a matron in the vale of years.

END OF VOL. I.





